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Division RL

Section

Number

Monthly Preparations

FOR THE

Holy Communion,

By *R. B.*

To which is added

Suitable Meditations before, in, and after Receiving.

WITH

Divine Hymns,

In Common Tunes;

Fitted for Publick Congregations, or Private Families.

LONDON; Printed for *Tho. Parkhurst*, at the *Bible* & *Three Crowns*, the lower end of *Cheapside*. 1696.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

Sacramental work is solemn work indeed: And all those helps are valuable and desirable, whereby the furniture of our minds, the temper of our hearts, and the conduct of our lives may be answerable to the solemnity of a Sacramental Table. A mind that is barren or perplext; an heart that is false or stupid; and the conscience of a disordered conversation, are bad

passage through them to that exalted state, wherein he had so much to do with God for us: In all these, and in his preparations for them, doth he appear most exemplary to us, claiming and urging our Conformity to his obedient, submissive, and resolved self. And in his Meritorious Sufferings and Expiatory Death, must we discern and think severely on, what there and thence was evident; viz. *God's Wisdom, Majesty, Holiness, and his Governing Justice, and Prerogatives*; *the sinfulness of sin, the misery of Revolted Man, the equity and power of God's Violated Law, and the eminence of the* Divine *above the* Animal *Life, Nature, and Concerns.*

III. Our Interest in, and Benefit by these his Sufferings, are next to exercise our thoughts. He died to let us see, 1. *How*

1. *How glorious a God we have to do with.*

2 *What wise and righteous Constitutions we had violated.*

3. *What dreadful evils we had brought upon our selves.*

4. *What spirit, strength and reach there is in Divine Threatnings.*

5. *How hard it is to be recovered, when we are faln from God, and so what an Enemy Satan is to Man; and how unwilling to let his Captives go.*

6. *To shew us the riches of God's Grace in him, and his own Dignity; in that his Sufferings could, and did, merit and obtain of God our Pardon, Adoption, Acceptance, and Eternal Bliss through him.*

7. *To raise and cherish holy endeavours to return to God in hope.*

8. *To make us dread the thoughts of ever falling off from God again.*

9. *To*

9. *To justifie our claims to all the Benefits of our Gospel-state and day.*

10. *To obtain of God for us the Spirit and Means of Grace, thereby to fit us for our present Work and Trials in this our* Probationary state, *and to suit and bring us to his Father and himself in Glory, and that with universal Satisfaction, and Advantage, and Applause.*

11. *To put himself into a capacity of interceding for us in Heaven, and blessing us from Heaven as our High-Priest upon his Throne.*

12. *To put us into, and to keep us in a Covenant-state and frame, that thus we may deal and walk with God, as Children, as interested in his Son, as inhabited and actuated by his Spirit, and as united with all the Family of God and Christ, in the same Principles, Practices, Concerns, and Hopes, in order to the exercises*

of

of all the ſympathies and ſervices of mutually Chriſtian Love, Epheſ. iv. v. 1--6.

IV. Our Commemoration of Chriſt thus repreſented to us, as upon the Groſs, and as determining to come again, is our next work.

1. *The Sacramental Elements, and the Obſerved Inſtitution, is the Memorial.*

2. *The Remembrance contains,*

1. Head-work, *in diſcerning, remembring and believing the Sacramental Doctrine of this Supper to be true, and of great conſequence to us*: Chriſt Crucified, *and* determining to come again.

2. Heart-work, *in forming the temper, purpoſes, hopes and comforts of our hearts unto what this Supper imports, and our acceptance of what is tendered here; and our obliging our ſelves*

selves to do and be as Christ would have us.

3. Life-work; *in keeping up our Christian practice and profession as we are here directed and obliged to; for a more full account whereof, and greater fitness for it, thou art commended to this helpful Treatise, by Thine to his poor power for Christ,*

Matthew Sylvester.

Feb. 3. 169$\frac{5}{6}$.

A Monthly Preparation for our Holy Communion with Christ and his Church, in the Lord's Supper.

THIS is a holy Feaſt that is purpoſely provided by the King of Saints, for the Entertainment of his Family; for the refreſhing of the weary, and the making glad the mournful Soul. The night before his bitter Death, he inſtituted this Sacramental Feaſt; He cauſed his *Diſciples to ſit down with him*, and when they had partaked of the Paſſover, the *Sacrament of Promiſe*, and had their taſte of the *old wine*, he giveth them the *new*, even the *Sacrament of the better Covenant*, and of the *fuller Goſpel-Grace:* He teacheth them that *his Death* is *Life to them:* and that which is his *bittereſt ſuffering*, is their *Feaſt:* and his *ſorrows* are their *Joyes*; as

 our

our *ſinful pleaſures* were his *ſorrows*. The *ſlain Lamb of God our paſſover that was Sacrificed for us, that taketh away the ſins of the world*, was the pleaſant food; which *Sacramentally* he himſelf then delivered to them, and *ſubſtantially* the next day offered for them. *The bread of God is he which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth life unto the world*, John 6. 33. *He is the living bread which came down from Heaven: If any man eat of this Bread he ſhall live for ever: and the Bread which he giveth is his fleſh which he hath given for the life of the world.* verſe 50, 51. *Except we eat the fleſh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, we have no life in us: Whoſo eateth his fleſh and drinketh his blood, hath eternal life, and he will raiſe him up at the laſt day: For his fleſh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed: He that eateth his fleſh, and drinketh his blood, dwelleth in Chriſt, and Chriſt in him: As the living Father hath ſent the Son, and he liveth by the Father, ſo he that eateth him, ſhall live by him. This is that bread that came down from Heaven: not as the Fathers did eat Manna and are dead: he that eateth this bread ſhall live for ever.*

I shall here only give you some brief *Directions* for your private duty herein.

Direct. 1. *Understand well the proper ends, to which this Sacrament was instituted by Christ; and take heed that you use it not to ends, for which it never was appointed.* The true ends are these, 1. To be a solemn Commemoration of the *Death and passion of Jesus Christ*, Mat. 26. 28. Mar. 14. 24. Luke 22. 20. to keep it, as it were, in the eye of the Church, in his bodily absence till he come, 1 *Cor.* 11. 24, 25, 26. 2. To be a solemn renewing of the Holy Covenant which was first entred in *Baptism*, between *Christ* and the *Receiver*; and in that Covenant it is on Christ's part, a solemn delivery of himself first, and with himself the benefits of *Pardon, Reconciliation, Adoption*, and right to *Life eternal*. Heb. 9. 15, 16, 17, 18. 1 Cor. 10. 16, 24. And on *mans part*, it is our solemn acceptance of *Christ* with his *Benefits*, upon his terms, and a delivering up our selves to him, as his *Redeemed ones*, even to the *Father* as our *reconciled Father*, and to the *Son* as our *Lord and Saviour*, and to the *Holy Spirit* as our *Sanctifier*, with

Profeſſed Thankfulneſs for ſo great a benefit. 3. It is appointed to be a lively *objective means*, by which the *Spirit* of *Chriſt* ſhould work to ſtir up and exerciſe, and increaſe the *Repentance*, *Faith*, *Deſire*, *Love*, *Hope*, *Joy*, *Thankfulneſs*, and *New-Obedience* of *Believers*; by a lively *Repreſentation* of the *evil of ſin*, the *infinite love of God in Chriſt*, the firmneſs of the *Covenant* or *Promiſe*, the *greatneſs and ſureneſs* of the *Mercy* given, and the *Bleſſedneſs* purchaſed and promiſed to us, and the great *obligations* that are laid upon us. And that herein *believers* might be ſolemnly called out to the moſt ſerious exerciſe of all theſe Graces, 1 Cor. 11. 27, 28, 29, 31. 1 Cor. 10. 16, 17, 21. 1 Cor. 11. 25, 26. 2 Cor. 6. 4. and might be provoked and aſſiſted to ſtir up themſelves to this Communion with *God* in *Chriſt*, & to pray for more as through a ſacrificed *Chriſt*. 4. It is appointed to be the ſolemn Profeſſion of Believers, of their Faith, and Love, and Gratitude, and Obedience to *God the Father*, *Son* and *Holy Ghoſt*, and of continuing firm in the *Chriſtian Religion*. And a Badge of the Church

Church before the World. Acts 2. 42, 46. & 20. 7. 5. And it is appointed to be a *sign* and *means* of the *Unity*, *Love*, and *Communion of Saints*, and their readineſs to Communicate to each other.

The falſe miſtaken ends, which you muſt avoid, are theſe. 1. You muſt not with the Papiſts, think that the end of it is to turn Bread into no Bread, and Wine into no Wine, and to make them really the true *Body* and *Blood* of *Jeſus Chriſt*. For if ſenſe (which telleth all Men that it is ſtill *Bread* and *Wine*) be not to be believed, then we cannot believe that ever there was a *Goſpel*, or an *Apoſtle*, or a *Pope*, or a *Man*, or any thing in the *World*. And the *Apoſtle* expreſly calleth it *Bread three times*, in three Verſes together, after the *Conſecration*, 1 *Cor.* 11. 26, 27, 28. and he telleth us, that the uſe of it is (not to make the *Lords Body really preſent*, but) *to ſhew the Lords Death till he come*; that is, As a viſible repreſenting and commemorating ſign, to be *inſtead of the Bodily preſence till he come*.

2. Nor muſt you with the Papiſts uſe this *Sacrament* to *ſacrifice Chriſt again*

really unto the Father, to propitiate him for the quick and dead, and eaſe Souls in Purgatory, and deliver them out of it. For *Chriſt* having died once dieth no more, and without killing him, there is no ſacrificing him: By *once offering* up himſelf, *he hath perfected for ever them that are ſanctified*; and now there *remaineth no more ſacrifice for ſin*: Having finiſhed the ſacrificing work on Earth, he is now paſſed into the *Heavens*, to appear before *God* for his *Redeemed ones*. Ro. 6. 9. 1 Cor. 15. 3. 2 Cor. 5. 14, 15. Heb. 9. 26. and 10. 12, 26. and 9. 24.

3. Nor is it any better than odious impiety to receive the *Sacrament*, to confirm ſome Confederacies or Oaths of *Secreſie*, for rebellions or other unlawful deſigns; as the *Powder-Plotters* in *England* did.

4. Nor is it any other than impious prophanation of theſe ſacred Myſteries for the Prieſt to *conſtrain* or *ſuffer* notoriouſly ignorant, and ungodly perſons, to receive them, either to make themſelves believe that they are indeed the Children of God,

or to be a means which ungodly men ſhould uſe to make them godly; or, which Infidels or Impenitent perſons muſt uſe to help them to Repentance and Faith in *Chriſt*. For though there is that in it which may become a means of their Converſion, (as a Thief that ſtealeth a *Bible* or *Sermon Book*, may be converted by it,) yet is it not to be uſed by the Receiver to that end. For that were to tell God a lie, as the means of their Converſion; for whoſoever cometh to receive a ſetled pardon, doth thereby profeſs repentance, as alſo by the words adjoyned he muſt do; And whoſoever *taketh*, and *eateth*, and *drinketh* the *Bread* and *Wine*, doth actually profeſs thereby, that he taketh and applieth *Chriſt* himſelf by Faith: And therefore, if he do neither of theſe, he lieth openly to God; and lies and falſe Covenants are not the appointed means of Converſion. Not that the *Miniſter* is a lier in his delivery of it: For he doth but conditionally ſeal and deliver *Gods Covenant* and *Benefits* to the Receiver, to be his, if he *truly Repent* and *Believe*: But the *Receiver* himſelf lieth, if he do not

actually Repent and *Believe*, as he there profeſſeth to do.

5. Alſo it is an impious prophanation of the Sacrament, if any Prieſt for the love of filthy lucre, ſhall give it to thoſe that ought not to receive it, that he may have his Fees or Offerings; or, that the Prieſt may have ſo much money that is bequeathed for the ſaying a Maſs for ſuch or ſuch a Soul.

6. And it is odious prophanation of the Sacrament, to uſe it as a League or Bond of Faction, to gather perſons in to the *party*, and tie them faſt to it, that they may depend upon the Prieſt, and his Faction and Intereſt may thereby be ſtrengthned, and he may ſeem to have many followers.

7. And it is a dangerous abuſe of it, to receive it, that you may be pardoned, or ſanctified, or ſaved, barely by the work done, or by the outward exerciſe alone. As if God were there obliged to give you Grace, while you ſtrive not with your own hearts, to ſtir them up to love, or deſire, or faith, or obedience, by the means that are before you; or as if God would pardon

pardon and ſave you for eating ſo much Bread and drinking ſo much Wine, when the Canon biddeth you; or, as if the Sacrament conveyed Grace, like as Charms are ſuppoſed to work, by ſaying over ſo many words.

8. Laſtly, It is no appointed end of this Sacrament, that the Receiver thereby profeſs himſelf certain of the *ſincerity* of his own *Repentance* and *Faith*: (For it is not managed on the ground of ſuch certainty only by the Receiver; much leſs by the miniſter that delivereth it.) But only he profeſſeth that as far as he can diſcern by obſerving his own heart, he is truly willing to have Chriſt, and his benefits on the terms that they are offered; and that he doth conſent to the Covenant which he is there to renew. Think not therefore, that the Sacrament is inſtituted for any of theſe (miſtaken) ends.

Direct. 2. *Diſtinctly underſtand the parts of the Sacrament, that you may diſtinctly uſe them, and not do, you know not what.* This Sacrament containeth theſe three parts. 1. The *Conſecration* of the *Bread and Wine*, which maketh it the *Repreſen-*

tative Body and Blood of *Christ*. 2. The *Representation* and *Commemoration* of the Sacrifice of Christ. 3. The *Communion*: Or, *Communication* by Christ, and *Reception* by the people.

1. In the *Consecration*, the Church doth first offer the *Creatures* of *Bread* and *Wine*, to be accepted of God, to this Sacred use: And God accepteth them, and blesseth them to this use; which he signifieth both by the words of his own Institution, and by the Action of his Ministers, and their *Benidiction*. They being the *Agents of God* to the People, in this *Accepting* and *Blessing*, as they are the *Agents* of the *People* to *God*, in *offering* or *dedicating* the Creatures to this use.

2. This *Consecration* having a special respect to *God the Father*, in it we acknowledge his three grand Relations. 1. That he is the *Creator*, and so the *Owner* of all the *Creatures*; for we offer them to him as his own. 2. That he is *our Righteous Governor*, whose Law it was, that *Adam* and we have broken, and who required satisfaction, and hath received the Sacrifice and atonement, and hath dispensed

ſed with the ſtrict and proper execution of that Law; and will rule us hereafter by the Law of Grace. 3. That he is our Father or Benefactor who hath freely given us a Redeemer, and the Covenant of Grace, whoſe Love and Favor we have forfeited by ſin, but deſire & hope to be reconciled by Chriſt.

3. As Chriſt himſelf was *Incarnate* and true Chriſt, before he was *ſacrificed to God*, and was *ſacrificed to God*, before that *ſacrifice* be communicated for life and nouriſhment to Souls: So in the Sacrament, *Conſecration* muſt firſt make the Creature to *be the Fleſh and Blood of Chriſt repreſentative*; and then the ſacrificing of that *fleſh* and *blood* muſt be repreſented and commemorated; and then the ſacrificed fleſh and blood communicated to the Receivers for their ſpiritual life.

II. The *Commemoration* chiefly (but not only) reſpecteth *God the Son*: For he hath ordained, that theſe *conſecrated Repreſentations* ſhould in their manner and meaſure, ſupply the room of his bodily preſence, while his body is in Heaven: And that thus as it were *in effigy*, *in repreſentation*,

ſentation, he might be ſtill Crucified before the Churches eyes; and they might be affected, as if they had ſeen him on the Croſs. And that by *Faith* and *Prayer*, they might, as it were, offer him up to God, that is, Might ſhew the Father that ſacrifice once made for ſin, in which they truſt; and for which it is, that they expect all the acceptance of their perſons with God, and hope for audience when they beg for mercy, and offer up prayer or praiſe to him.

III. In the *Communication*, though the Sacrament have reſpect to the *Father*, as the principal *Giver*; and to the *Son* as both the *Gift* and *Giver*; yet hath it a ſpecial reſpect to the *Holy Ghoſt*, as being that *ſpirit* given in the *fleſh* and *Blood*, which quickeneth Souls; without which, the *Fleſh* will profit nothing: And whoſe operations muſt convey and apply Chriſts ſaving benefits to us. *John* 6. 63. & 7. 39.

Theſe three being the parts of the Sacrament in whole, as comprehending that ſacred *Action* and participation which is eſſential to it. The *Material parts*, called

the

the *Relate* and *Correlate*, are. 1. Substantial and Qualitative. 2. *Active* and *Passive*. 1. The first are the *Bread* and *Wine* as signs, and the *Body* and *Blood* of *Christ*, with his *Graces* and *Benefits*, as the things signified and given. The second are the *Actions* of *Breaking*, *Pouring out*, and *Delivering* on the Ministers part, (after the Consecration) and the *Taking*, *Eating*, and *Drinking*, by the Receivers, as the sign: And the signified is, the Crucifying or Sacrificing of Christ, and the Delivering himself with his Benefits to the Believer, and the Receivers thankful *Accepting*, and using the said gift. To these add the *Relative Form*, and the *Ends*, and you have the definition of this Sacrament.

Direct. 3. *Look upon the minister as the Agent or Officer of Christ, who is Commissioned by him to seal and deliver to you the Covenant and its benefits: And take the Bread and Wine, as if you heard Christ himself saying to you, Take my* Body *and Blood*, and the *Pardon, and Grace which is thereby purchased.* It is a great help in the Application, to have mercy and pardon

pardon brought us by the hand of a Commissioned Officer of Christ.

Direct. 4. *In your preparation beforehand, take heed of these two extreams.* 1. *That you come not prophanely and carelesly, with common hearts, as to a common work:* For God will be sanctified in them that draw near to him, *Levit.* 10. 3. And they that eat and drink unworthily, not discerning the Lords Body from common Bread; but eating as if it were a common meal, do eat death to themselves, instead of life. 2. *Take heed lest your mistakes of the nature of this Sacrament, should possess you with such fears of unworthy receiving, and the following dangers, as may quite discompose, and unfit your Souls for the joyful exercises of Faith, and* Love, *and Praise, and Thanksgiving, to which you are invited.* Many that are scrupulous of receiving it in any, save a *feasting gesture*, are too little careful and scrupulous of receiving it in any, save a *feasting frame of mind.*

The first extream is caused by prophanness and negligence, or by gross ignorance of the nature of the Sacramental work.

The

The latter extream is frequently cauſed as followeth ; 1. *By ſetting this Sacrament* at a greater diſtance from other *parts of God's worſhip*; than there is cauſe : So that the exceſs of Reverence doth overwhelm the minds of ſome with terrors. 2. By ſtudying more the terrible words of *eating and drinking damnation to themſelves*, if they do it *unworthily*, than all the expreſſions of Love and Mercy, which that Bleſſed Feaſt is furniſhed with. So that when the viewes of infinite Love ſhould raviſh them, they are ſtudying wrath and vengeance to terrifie them, as if they came to *Moſes*, and not to *Chriſt*. 3. By not underſtanding what maketh a *Receiver* worthy or unworthy, but taking their unwilling infirmities for condemning unworthineſs. 4. By receiving it ſo ſeldom, as to make it ſtrange to them, and increaſe their fear, whereas, if it were adminiſtred every Lords day, as it was in the Primitve Churches, it would better acquaint them with it, and cure that fear that cometh from ſtrangeneſs. 5. By imagining, that none that want aſſurance of their own ſincerity, can receive in Faith. 6. By contracting an ill habit

habit of miſtaken Religiouſneſs, placing it all in poring on themſelves, and mourning for their corruptions, and not in ſtudying the Love of God in Chriſt, and living in the daily praiſes of his Name, and joyful thankſgiving for his exceeding Mercies. 7. And if beſides all theſe the Body contract a weak or timorous melancholly diſtemper, it will leave the mind capable of almoſt nothing, but fear and trouble, even in the ſweeteſt works. From many ſuch cauſes it cometh to paſs, that the Sacrament of the Lords Supper is become more terrible, and uncomfortable to abundance of ſuch diſtempered Chriſtians, than any other Ordinance of God; & that which ſhould moſt comfort them doth trouble them moſt.

Queſt. 1. *But is not this Sacrament more holy and dreadful, and ſhould it not have more preparation, than other parts of worſhip?*

Anſw. For the degree indeed, it ſhould have very careful preparation: And we cannot well compare it with other parts of worſhip; as Praiſe, Thankſgiving, Covenanting with God, Prayer, *&c.* Becauſe

that

that all these other parts are here comprised and performed. But doubtless, God must also be sanctified in all his other worship, and his Name must not be taken in vain. And when this Sacrament was received every Lords day, and often in the week besides, Christians were supposed to live continually in a state of *general preparation*, and not to be so far from a due *particular preparation*, as many poor Christians think they are.

Quest. 2. *How often should the Sacrament be now administred, that it neither grow into contempt nor strangeness?*

Answ. Ordinarily in well Displined Churches it should be still every Lord'sday. For, 1. We have no reason to prove, that the Apostles example and appointment in this case, was proper to those times, any more than that praise and thanksgiving daily is proper to them: And we may as well deny the obligation of other Institutions or Apostolical Orders as that. 2. It is a part of the settled order for the Lords day's worship; and omitting it, *maimeth and altereth the worship for the day*; and occasioneth the omission of the thanksgiving

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ing and praiſe, and lively commemorations of Chriſt, which ſhould be then moſt performed: And ſo Chriſtians by uſe, grow habited to ſadneſs, and a mourning melancholly Religion, and grow unacquainted with much of the Worſhip and Spirit of the Goſpel. 3. Hereby the Papiſts lamentable corruptions of this Ordinance have grown up, even by an exceſs of reverence and fear, which ſeldom receiving doth increaſe; till they are come to worſhip *Bread* as their God. 4. By ſeldom communicating, Men are ſeduced to think all proper *Communion of Churches* lieth in that *Sacrament*, and to be more prophanely bold in abuſing many other parts of worſhip. 5. There are better means (by Teaching and Diſcipline) to keep the *Sacrament* from contempt, than the omitting or diſplacing of it. 6. Every Lord's day is no oftener than Chriſtians need it. 7. The frequency will teach them to *live prepared*, and not only to make much ado once a Month or Quarter, when the ſame work is neglected all the year beſide; even as one that liveth in continual expectation of death, will live in continual prepa-

ration:

ration: When he that expecteth it but in some grievous sickness, will then be frightned into some seeming preparations, which are not the habit of his Soul, but laid by again when the disease is over.

2. But yet I must add, that in some undisciplined Churches, and upon some occasions it may be longer omitted, or seldomer used; no duty is a duty at all times: And therefore extraordinary cases may raise such impediments, as may hinder us a long time from this, and many other Priviledges. But the ordinary faultiness of our imperfect hearts, that are apt to grow customary and dull, is no good reason why it should be seldom; any more than why other special duties of Worship and Church-Communion should be seldom. Read well the Epistle of *Paul* to the *Corinthians*, and you will find that they were then as bad as the true Christians are now, and that even in this Sacrament they were very culpable; and yet *Paul* seeketh not to cure them by their seldomer communicating.

Q 3. *Are all the Members of the visible*

ble Church to be admitted to this Sacrament? or Communicate?

Answ. All are not to *seek* it, or to *take* it, because many may know their own unfitness, when the Church or Pastors know it not: But all that come and seek it, are to be admitted by the Pastors, except such *Children, Idiots, ignorant persons,* or *Heriticks,* as know not what they are to receive and do; and such as are notoriously wicked or scandalous, and have not manifested their repentance. But then it is presupposed, that none should be numbred with the adult members of the Church, but those that have personally owned their Baptismal Covenant, by a *Credible Profession of true Christianity.*

Quest. 4. *May a Man that hath knowledge, and civility, and common gifts, come and take this Sacrament, if he know that he is yet void of true repentance, and other saving Grace?*

Answ. No; for he then knoweth himself to be one that is uncapable of it in his present state.

Quest. 5. *May an ungodly Man receive this*

this Sacrament, who knoweth not himself to be ungodly?

Answ. No; For he ought to know it; and his sinful ignorance of his own condition, will not make his sin to be his duty; nor excuse his other faults before God.

Quest. 6. *Must a sincere Christian receive, that is uncertain of his sincerity, and in continual doubting?*

Answ. Two preparations are necessary to this Sacrament; the *general preparation*, which is a state of Grace, and this the doubting Christian hath; and the *particular preparation*, which consisteth in his present actual fitness: And all the question is of this. And to know this, you must further distinguish, between *immediate duty* and *more remote*; and between the degrees of doubtfulness in Christians. 1. The *neareſt immediate duty* of the doubting Christian is, to use the means to have his doubts resolved, till te know his case; and then his next duty is, to receive the Sacrament; and both these still remain his duty, to be performed in this order: And if he say, *I cannot be resolved,*

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when I have done my best. Yet certainly it is some sin of his own, that keepeth him in the dark, and hindereth his assurance; and therefore *duty* ceaseth not to be *duty:* The Law of *Christ* still obligeth him, both to get assurance, and to receive; and the want both of the knowledge of his state, and of *Receiving* the *Sacrament*, are his continual sin, if he lie in it never so long through these scruples, though it be an infirmity that God will not condemn him for. (For he is supposed to be in a state of Grace.) But you will say, *What if still he cannot be resolved whether he have true Faith and Repentance, or not? What should he do while he is in doubt?* I answer, It is one thing to ask, what is his duty in this case? and another thing to ask, *Which is the smaller or less dangerous sin?* Still his duty is both to get the *knowledge* of his heart, and to *communicate*: *But while he sinneth* (through infirmity) *in the failing of the first, were he better also omit the other, or not?* To be well resolved of that, you must discern, 1. Whether his judgment of himself, do rather incline to think and hope that *he is sincere in his repentance and*

and Faith, or, *that he is not*? 2. And whether the *conſequents* are like to be good or bad to him. If his hopes that *he is ſincere*, be as great or greater *than his fears* of the contrary, then there is no ſuch ill conſequent to be feared as may hinder his communicating; but it is his beſt way to do it, and wait on God in the uſe of his Ordinance. But if the perſwaſion of his graceleſneſs be greater than the hopes of his ſincerity, then he muſt obſerve how he is like to be affected, if he do communicate. If he find that he is like to clear up his mind, aed increaſe his hopes by the actuating of his Grace, he is yet beſt to go: But if he find that his heart is like to be overwhelmed with horror and ſunk into deſpair, by running into the ſuppoſed guilt of unworthy receiving, then it will be worſe to do it, than to omit it. Many ſuch fearful Chriſtians I have known, that are fain many years to abſent themſelves from the Sacrament; becauſe if they ſhould receive it while they are perſwaded of their utter uoworthineſs, they would be ſwallowed up of deſperation, and think that they had taken their own damnatioa,

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(as the Twenty fifth Article of the Church of *England* saith, the *unworthy receivers do.*) So that the chief sin of such a *doubting receiver*, is not that he *receiveth though he doubt*; for doubting will not excuse us for the sinful omission of a duty (no more of this than of Prayer or Thanksgiving:) But only *Prudence* requireth such a one to forbear that, which through his own distemper would be a means of his despair and ruine: As that Physick or Food (how good soever) is not to be taken which would kill the taker: Gods Ordinances are not appointed for our destruction, but for our edification; and so must be used as tendeth thereunto. Yet to those Christians, who are in this case, and dare not communicate, I must put this Question, How dare you so long refuse it? He that consenteth to the Covenant, may boldly come and signifie his consent, and receive the sealed Covenant of God; for *consent* is your preparation, or the necessary condition of your Right: If you *consent* not, you refuse all the Mercy of the Covenant. And dare you live in such a state? Suppose a Pardon be offered to

a condemned Thief, but so, that if he after cast it in the dirt, or turn Traytor, he shall die a sorer death; will he rather chuse to die than take it, and say, I am afraid I shall abuse it? To refuse *Gods Covenant* is certain death; but to *consent* is your preparation and your life.

Quest. 7. *Wherein lieth the sin of an Hypocrite, and ungodly person, if he do receive?*

Answ. His sin is, 1. In *lying* and *hypocrisie*; in that he professeth to *repent unfeignedly of his sin, and to be resolved* for a holy life, and to believe in *Christ*, and to accept him on his Covenant-terms, and to give up himself to God, as his Father, his Saviour, and his Sanctifier, and to forsake the *Flesh*, the *World*, and the *Devil*; when indeed, he never did any of this, but secretly abhorreth it at his heart, and will not be perswaded to it: And so all this *Profession*, and his very *Covenanting* it self, and his *Receiving*, as it is a *Professing-covenanting-sign*, is nothing but a very lie. And what it is to lie to the *Holy Ghost*, the case of *Ananias* and *Sapphira* telleth us. 2. It is usurpation to come and lay claim

to those Benefits, which he hath no title to. 3. It is a prophanation of these holy Mysteries, to be thus used; and it is a taking of Gods Name in vain, who is a jealous God, and will be sanctified of all that draw near unto him. 4. And it is a wrong to the Church of God, & the Communion of Saints, & the honour of the Christian Religion, that such ungodly Hypocrites intrude as Members: As it is to the Kings Army, when the Enemies Spies creep in amongst them; or to his Marriage-feast to have a guest in rags. *Mat.* 22. 11, 12.

Object. *But it is no lie, because they think they say true in their Profession.*

Answ. That is through their sinful negligence and self-deceit: And he is a lier that speaks a falshood, which he may and ought to know to be a falshood, though he do not know it. There is a lier in *rashness* and *negligence*, as well as of *set purpose*.

Quest. 8: *doth all unworthy receiving make a man liable to damnation? Or, what unworthiness is it that is so threatned?*

Answ. There are three sorts of unworthiness

thineſs (or unfitneſs) and three ſorts of Judgment anſwerably to be feared. 1. There is the utter unworthineſs of an Infidel, or impenitent, ungodly Hypocrite. And damnation to Hell fire, is the puniſhment that ſuch muſt expect, if Converſion prevent it not. 2. There is an unworthineſs through ſome great and ſcandalous crime, which a regenerate perſon falleth into; and this ſhould ſtop him from the Sacrament for a time, till he have repented and caſt away his ſin: And if he come before he riſe from his fall by a particular *repentance*, (as the *Corinthians* that ſinned in the very uſe of the Sacrament it ſelf) they may expect ſome notable temporal judgment at the preſent; (and if Repentance didnot prevent it, they might fear Eternal puniſhment.) 3. There is that meaſure of unworthineſs which conſiſteth in the ordinary infirmities of a Saint; and this ſhould not at all deter them from the Sacrament, becauſe it is accompanied with a greater worthineſs; yea, though their weakneſs appear in the time and manner of their receiving: But yet ordinary corrections may follow theſe ordinary infir-

mities. (*The groſſer abuſe of the Sacrament it ſelf*, I joyn under the ſecond rank.)

Queſt. 9. *What is the particular preparation needful to a fit Communicant?*

Anſw. This bringeth me up to the next Direction.

5. *Let your preparation to this Sacrament conſiſt of theſe particulars following*, 1. *In your duty with your own conſciences and hearts.* 2. *In your duty towards God.* 3. *And in your duty towards your Neighbour.*

I. Your duty with your hearts conſiſteth in theſe particulars. 1. That you do your beſt in the cloſe examination of your hearts about your States, and the ſincerity of your *Faith*, *Repentance*, and *Obedience*: To know whether your hearts are true to God, in the Covenant which you are to renew and ſeal. Which may be done by theſe inquiries, and diſcerned by theſe Signs. 1. Whether you truly loath your ſelves for all the ſins of your hearts and lives, and are a greater offence and burden to your ſelves, becauſe of your imperfections and corruptions, than all the World beſides is? *Ez.* 6. 9. & 20.

43. & 36. 31. *Rom.* 7. 24. 2. Whether you have no sin but what you are truly desirous to know; and no known sin, but what you are truly desirous to be rid of; and so desirous, as that you had rather be perfectly freed from sin, than from any affliction in the world? *Rom.* 7. 22, 18, 24. & 8. 18. 3. Whether you love the searching and reforming Light, even the most searching parts of the Word of God, and the most searching Books, and searching Sermons, that by them you may be brought to know yourselves, in order to your setled peace and reformation? *John* 3. 19, 20, 21. 4. Whether you truly love that degree of holiness in others which you have not yet attained your selves, and love Christ in his Children, with such an unfeigned love, as will cause you to relieve them according to your abilities, and suffer for their sakes, when it is your duty? 1 *John* 3. 14, 16. 1 *Pet.* 1. 22. & 3 8. *Jam.* 2. 12, 13, 14, 15. *Mat.* 25. 40. *&c.* 5. Whether you can truly say, that there is no degree of holiness so high, but you desire it, and had rather be perfect in the

love of God, and the obedience of his will, than have all the riches and pleasures of this World, *Rom.* 7. 18, 21, 24. *Psal.* 119. 5. *Mat.* 5. 6. And had rather be one of the holiest Saints, than of the most renowned prosperous Princes upon Earth? *Psal.* 15. 4. & 16. 2. *Psal.* 84. 10. & 65. 4. 6. Whether you have so far laid up your treasure, and your hopes in Heaven, as that you are resolved to take that only for your portion; and that the hopes of Heaven, and interest of your Souls hath the preheminence in your hearts against all that stands in competition with it? *Col.* 3. 1, 3, 4. *Mat.* 6. 20, 21. 7. Whether the chiefest care of your hearts, and indeavor of your lives, be to serve and please God, and to injoy him for ever rather than for any wordly thing? *Mat.* 6. 23. *Joh.* 5. 26. 2 *Cor.* 5. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9. 8. Whether it be your daily desire and indeavor to mortifie the flesh, and master its rebellious opposition to the Spirit; and you so far prevail, as not to live, and walk, and be led by the flesh, but that the course and drift of your life is spiritual? *Rom.* 8. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13. *Gal.* 5.

17,

17, 21, 22. 9. Whether the world, and all its honour, wealth, and pleasures appear to you so small and contemptible a thing, as that you esteem it as dung, and nothing in comparison of Christ, and the love of God and Glory? and are resolved, that you will rather let go all, than your part in Christ? And, which useth to carry it in the time of trial, in your deliberate choice? *Phil.* 3. 7, 8, 9, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20. 1 *John* 2. 15. *Luke* 14. 26, 30, 33. *Matth.* 13. 19, 21. 10. Whether you are resolved upon a course of holiness and obedience, and to use those means which God doth make known to you, to be the way to please him, and to subdue your corruption; and yet feeling the frailties of your hearts, and the burden of your sins, do trust in *Christ* as your Righteousness before God, and in the *Holy Ghost*, whose Grace alone can illuminate, sanctifie, and confirm you? *Acts* 11. 23. *Psal.* 119. 57, 63, 69, 106. 1 *Cor.* 1. 30. *Rom.* 8. 9. *John* 15. 5. 2 *Cor.* 12. 9. By these Signs you may safely try your states.

2. When this is done you are also to

try the ſtrength and meaſure of your Grace; that you may perceive your weakneſs, and know for what help you ſhould ſeek to Chriſt. And to find out what inward *corruptions* and *ſinful inclinations* are yet ſtrongeſt in you, that you may know what to lament, and to ask forgiveneſs of, and help againſt. My Book called *Directions for weak Chriſtians*, will give you fuller advice in this.

3. You are alſo to take a ſtrict account of your *lives*; and to look over your dealings with God and Men, in ſecret and publick, eſpecially of late, ſince the laſt renewal of your Covenant with God, and to hear what God and Conſcience have to ſay about your ſins and all their aggravations, *Pſal.* 139. 23. 1 *Cor.* 11. 28.

4. And you muſt labour to get your hearts affected with your condition, as you do diſcover it. To be humbled for what is ſinful, and to be deſirous of help againſt your weakneſs, and thankful for the Grace which you diſcern.

5. Laſtly, you muſt conſider of all the work that you have to do, & all the mercies which you are going to receive, and

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what Graces are neceſſary to all this, and how they muſt be uſed; and accordingly lock up all thoſe Graces, and prepare them for the exerciſe to which they are to be called out. I ſhall name you the particulars anon.

II. Your duty towards God in your preparation for this Sacrament, is, 1. To caſt down your ſelves before him in humble penitent confeſſion, and lamentation of all the Sins which you diſcover; and to beg his pardon in ſecret, before you come to have it publickly ſealed and delivered. 2. To look up to him with thankfulneſs, Love, and Joy, as becomes one that is going to receive ſo great a mercy from him; and humbly to beg that Grace which may prepare you, and quicken you to, and in the work.

III. Your duty towards others in this your preparation, is, 1. To forgive thoſe that have done you wrong, and to confeſs your fault to theſe whom you have wronged, and ask them forgiveneſs, and make them amends and reſtitution ſo far as is in your power; and be reconciled to thoſe with whom you are fallen out; and

to see, that you love your neighbours as your selves, *Mat.* 5. 23, 24, 25, 26, 44. *James* 5. 16. 2. That you seek advice of your Pastors, or some fit persons, in cases that are too hard for your selves to resolve, and where you need their special help. 3. That you lovingly admonish them that you know do intend to communicate unworthily, and to come thither in their ungodliness, and gross sin unrepented of: That you shew not such hatred of your Brother, as to suffer sin upon him, *Lev.* 19. 17. But tell him his faults, as Christ hath directed you, *Mat.* 18. 15, 16, 17. And do your parts to promote Christs Discipline, and keep pure the Church. See 1 *Cor*, 5. throughout.

Direct. 6. *When you come to the holy Communion, let not the over-scrupulous regard of the person of the Minister, or the company, or the imperfections of the ministration, disturb your meditations, nor call away your minds from the high and serious imployment of the day.* Hypocrites who place their Religion in bodily exercises, have taught many weak Christians to take up unecessary scruples, and to turn their

eye

eye and observation too much to things without them.

Quest. *But should we have no regard to the due celebration of these sacred Mysteries, and to the Minister, and communicants, and manner of Administration?*

Answ. Yes: You should have so much regard to them, 1. As to see that nothing be amiss through your default, which is in your power to amend. 2. And that you joyn not in the committing of any known sin. But, 1. Take not every sin of another for your sin, and think not that you are guilty of that in others, which you cannot amend; or, that you must forsake the Church and worship of God, for these corruptions which you are not guilty of; or deny your own mercies, because others usurp them or abuse them. 2. If you suspect any thing imposed upon you to be sinful to you, try it before you come thither; and leave not your minds open to disturbance, when they should be wholly imployed with Christ.

Quest. *But what if my conscience be not satisfied, but I am still in doubt, must I not forbear? Seeing he that doubteth is condemned*

condemned if he eat, because he eateth not in Faith; for whatsoever is not of Faith is sin?

Answ: The Apostle there speaketh not of eating in the *Sacrament*, but of eating meats, which he doubteth of whether they are lawful, but is sure, that it is lawful to forbear them. And in case of doubting about things indifferent, the surer side is to forbear them, because there may be sin in doing; but there can be none on the other side in forbearing. But in case of *Duties*, your doubting will not disoblige you; else men might give over praying, and hearing Gods Word, and believing, and obeying their Rulers, and maintaining their Families, when they are but blind enough to doubt of it. 2. Your erring Conscience is not a Lawmaker, and cannot make it your duty to obey it. For God is your King, and the Office of your Conscience is to *discern his Law*; and urge you to obedience, and not to *make you Laws* of its own: So that if it speak falsly, it doth not oblige you, but deceive you. It doth only *ligare*, or insnare you, but not *obligare*, or make

a sin a duty. It casteth you into necessity of sinning more or less till you relinquish the error: But in case of such duties as these, it is a sin to do them with a doubting Conscience, but (ordinarily) it is a greater sin to forbear.

Object. *But some Divines write, that Conscience being Gods Officer; when it erreth, God himself doth bind me by it to follow that error, and the evil which it requireth becometh my duty.*

Answ. A dangerous error tending to subversion of Souls and Kingdoms, and highly dishonourable to God. God hath made it your duty to know his Will, and do it. And if you ignorantly mistake him, will you lay the blame on him, and draw him into participation of your sin, when he forbiddeth you both the error and the sin? And doth he at once forbid and command the same thing? At that very moment, God is so far from obliging you to follow your error, that he still obligeth you to lay it by, and do the contrary. If you say; *You cannot.* I answer, Your impotency, is a sinful impotency; and you can use the means, in which his Grace can

can help you: and he will not change his Law, nor make you Kings and Rulers of your selves instead of him, because you are ignorant or impotent.

Direct. 7. *In the time of administration go along with the* Minister *throughout the work, and keep your hearts close to Jesus Christ, in the exercise of all those Graces, which are suited to the several parts of the administration.* Think not that all the work must be the Minister's. It should be a busie day with you, and your hearts should be taken up with as much diligence, as your hands be in your common labor; but not in a toilsome weary diligence, but in such delightful business as becometh the guests of the God of Heaven, at so sweet a feast, and in the receiving of such unvaluable gifts.

Here I should distinctly shew you, I. What Graces they be that you must there exercise. II. What there is obiectively presented before you in the Sacrament, to exercise all these Graces. III. At what seasons in the administration each of these inward works are to be done.

I. The Graces to be exercised are these (besides

(beſides that holy fear and reverence common to all worſhip) 1. A humble ſenſe of the odiouſneſs of *ſin*, and of our *undone condition* as in our ſelves, and a diſpleaſure againſt our ſelves, & loathing of our ſelves, and melting Repentance for the ſins we have committed; as againſt our *Creator*, and as againſt the Love and Mercy of a *Redeemer*, and as againſt the holy *Spirit* of Grace. 2. A *hungring* and *thirſting deſire* after the Lord Jeſus, and his Grace, and the favour of God and communion with him, which are there repreſented and offered to the Soul. 3. A *lively Faith* in our Redeemer, his death, reſurrection and interceſſion; and a *truſting* our miſerable ſouls upon him, as our ſufficient Saviour and help; And a *hearty acceptance* of him and his benefits upon his offered terms. 4. A *joy* and *gladneſs* in the ſenſe of that unſpeakable mercy which is here offered us. 5. A *thankful heart* towards him, from whom we do receive it. 6. A *fervent Love* to him that by ſuch Love doth ſeek our Love. 7. A *triumphant Hope of life eternal*, which is purchaſed for us, and ſealed to us. 8. A *willingneſs* and *reſolu-*

tion

tion to deny our ſelves, and all this world, and ſuffer for him that hath ſuffered for our Redemption. 9. A Love to our Brethren, our Neighbours and our Enemies, with a readineſs to relieve them, and to forgive them when they do us wrong. 10. And a firm *Reſolution* for future obedience, to our Creator, and Redeemer, and Sanctifier, according to our Covenant.

II. In the naming of theſe Graces, I have named their objects: which you ſhould obſerve as diſtinctly as you can, that they may be operative. 1. To help your Humiliation and Repentance, you bring thither a loaden miſerable Soul, to receive a pardon and relief: And you ſee before you the Sacrificed Son of God, who made his ſoul an offering for ſin, and became a Curſe for us to ſave us who were accurſed. 2. To draw out your deſires, you have the moſt excellent gifts and the moſt needful mercies preſented to you that this world is capable of: Even the pardon of ſin, the Love of God, the Spirit of Grace, and the hopes of Glory, and Chriſt himſelf with whom all this is given. 3. To exerciſe your Faith you have Chriſt here

first represented as crucified before your eyes: and then with his benefits, freely given you, and offered to your acceptance, with a Command that you refuse him not. 4. To exercise your delight and gladness, you have this Saviour and this Salvation tendered to you; and all that your souls can well desire set before you. 5. To exercise your Thankfulness, what could do more than so great a Gift, so dearly purchased, so surely sealed, and so freely offered? 6. To exercise your Love to God in Christ, you have the fullest manifestation of his attractive Love, even offered to your eyes, and taste, and heart, that a soul on earth can reasonably expect; in such wonderful condescension, that the greatness and strangness of it surpasseth a natural mans belief. 7. To exercise your hopes of life eternal, you have the price of it here set before you; you have the Gift of it here sealed to you; and you have that Saviour represented to you in his suffering, who is now there reigning, that you may remember him, as *expectants* of his Glorious coming to judge the world, and glorifie you with himself. 8. To exercise

ercise your self-denyal and resolution for suffering, and contempt of the world and fleshly pleasures, you have before you both the greatest example and obligation, that ever could be offered to the world; when you see and receive a Crucified Christ, that so strangely denyed himself for you; and set so little by the world and flesh. 9. To exercise your love to Brethren, yea, and Enemies, you have his example before your eyes, that loved you to the death when you were Enemies: And you have his holy servants before your eyes, who are amiable in him through the workings of his Spirit, and on whom he will have you shew your love to himself. 10. And to excite your Resolution for future odedience, you see his double Title to the Government of you, as Creator and as Redeemer; and you feel the obligations of Mercy and Gratitude; and you are to renew a Covenant with him to that end; even openly where all the Churches are witnesses. So that you see here are powerful object before you to draw out all these Graces, and that they are all but such as the work requireth you then to exercise. III.

III. But that you may be the readier when it cometh to practice, I shall as it were lead you by the hand through all the parts of the administration, & tell you when and how to exercise every grace, and those that are to be joyned together I shall take together, that needless distinctness do not trouble you.

1. When you are called up and going to the Table of the Lord, exercise your Humility, Desire and Thankfulness, and say in your hearts, *What Lord, dost thou call such a wretch as I? What! me that have so oft despised thy mercy? and wilfully offended thee, and preferred the filth of this world and the pleasures of the flesh before thee? Alas, it is thy wrath in Hell that is my due: But if love will choose such an unworthy guest, and Mercy will be honoured upon such sin and misery, I come Lord at thy call: I gladly come: Let thy will be done; and let that mercy which inviteth me, make me acceptable, and graciously entertain me; and let me not come without the wedding Garment, nor unreverently*

unreverently rush on holy things, nor turn thy mercies to my bane!

2. When the Minister is confessing sin, prostrate your very souls in the sense of your unworthiness, and let your particular sins be in your eye, with their hainous aggravations; The whole need not the Physician, but the sick. But here I need not put words into your mouths or minds, because the Minister goeth before you, and your hearts must concurr with his Confessions, and put in also the secret sins which he omitteth.

3. When you look on the Bread and Wine which is provided and offered for this holy use, remember that it is the Creator of all things, on whom you live, whose Laws you did offend; and say in your hearts, *O Lord, how great is my offence? who have broken the Laws of him that made me, and on whom the whole Creation doth depend? I had my Being from thee, and my daily Bread; and should I have requited thee with disobedience? Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy Son.*

4. When

When the words of the Institution ead, and the Bread and Wine are so- ly consecrated, by separating them to sacred use, and the acceptance and ing of God is desired, admire the mer- hat prepared us a Redeemer, and say, *iod how wonderful is thy wisdom and love? How strangely dost thou glorifie thy cy over sin that gave advantage to glo- thy justice? Even thou our God whom we ve offended, hast out of thy own Treasury isfied thy own justice, and given us a viour by such a Miracle of Wisdom, Love, d Condescention, as men or Angels shall ver be able fully to comprehend: so didst ou love the sinful world, as to give thy n, that whosoever believeth in him, uld not perish, but have everlasting life. thou that hast prepared us so full a reme- y, and so pretious a gift, sanctifie these reatures to be the Representative Body nd Blood of Christ, and prepare my heart r so great a gift, and so high and holy and nourable a work.*

5. When you behold the Consecrated *Bread and Wine, discern the Lords Body, nd reverence it as the Reprsentative Body*

and

and Blood *of Jesus Christ*; and take heed of *Prophaning* it, by looking on it as *common Bread and Wine*; Though it be not Transubstantiate, but still is very *Bread and Wine* in its *Natural being*, yet it is *Christs Body and Blood in representation and effect.* Look on it as the consecrated *Bread of life*, which with the quickning Spirit must nourish you to life eternal.

6. When you see the *Breaking* of the *Bread*, and the *Pouring* out of the *Wine*, let *Repentance*, and *Love*, and *Desire*, and *Thankfulness*, thus work within you. *O wondrous Love! O hateful sin! How merciful, Lord, hast thou been to sinners? & how cruel have we been to our selves & thee? Could Love stoop lower? Could God be merciful at a dearer rate? Could my sin have done a more horrid deed, than put to death the Son of God? How small a matter hath tempted me to that, which must cost so dear before it was forgiven? How dear payed my Saviour for that, which I might have avoided at a very cheap rate? Ah how low a price have I valued his Blood when I have sinned and sinned again for*

nothing

othing! This is my doing! My sins were
e Thorns, the Nails, the Spear! Can a
Murderer of Christ be a small offender?
O dreadful justice! It was I and such other
inners that deserved to bear the punishment
vho were guilty of the sin; and to have
een fewel for the unquenchable flames for
ver. O pretious Sacrifice! O hateful sin!
O gracious Saviour! how can mans dull
nd narrow heart, be duly affected with
uch transcendent things? or Heaven make
its due impression upon an inch of flesh!
Shall I ever again have a dull apprehensi-
on of such Love? Or ever have a favour-
able thought of sin? Or ever have a fear-
less thought of justice? O break or melt
this hardened heart, that it may be some-
what conformed to my crucified Lord! The
tears of Love and true Repentance are easi-
er than the flames from which I am redeem-
ed. O hide me in these wounds, and wash
me in this pretious blood! This is the Sacri-
fice in which I trust: This is the Righteous-
ness by which I must be justified, and saved
from the Curse of thy violated Law! As
thou hast accepted this, O Father, for the
world, upon the Cross, Behold it still on

the

the behalf of ſinners; and hear his Blood that cryeth unto thee for mercy to the miſerable, and pardon us, and accept us as thy Reconciled Children, for the ſake of this Crucified Chriſt alone. We can offer thee no other Sacrifice for ſin; and we need no other.

7. When the Miniſter applyeth himſelf to God by prayer, for the efficacy of this Sacrament, that in it he will give us Chriſt and his benefits, and pardon, and juſtifie us, and accept us as his reconciled Children; joyn heartily and earneſtly in theſe requeſts, as one that knoweth the need and worth of ſuch a mercy.

8. When the Miniſter delivereth you the conſecrated Bread and Wine, look upon him as the meſſenger of Chriſt, and hear him as if Chriſt by him ſaid to you, *Take this my broken body and blood, and feed on it to everlaſting life: and take with it my ſealed Covenant, and therein the ſealed teſtimony of my love, and the ſealed pardon of your ſins, and a ſealed gift of life eternal; ſo be it, you unfeignedly conſent unto my Covenant, and give up your ſelves to me as my redeemed ones.* Even as in deliver-

ing

ing the poſſeſſion of Houſe or Lands, the deliverer giveth a Key, and a Twig and a Turf, and ſaith, *I deliver you this houſe, and I deliver you this Land*: So doth the Miniſter by Chriſt's Authority deliver you Chriſt and pardon and title to eternal life. Here is an Image of a ſacrificed Chriſt of Gods own appointing, which you may lawfully uſe: And more than an Image; even an inveſting Inſtrument, by which theſe higheſt mercies are ſolemnly delivered to you in the name of Chriſt. Let your hearts therefore ſay with *Joy* and *Thankfulneſs*, with *Faith* and *Love*, O *matchleſs bounty of the eternal God! what a gift is this! and unto what unworthy ſinners! and will God ſtoop ſo low to man? and come ſo near him? and thus reconcile his worthleſs enemies? Will he freely pardon all that I have done? and take me into his family and love, and feed me with the fleſh and blood of Chriſt? I believe; Lord help mine unbelief. I humbly and thankfully accept thy gifts! Open thou my heart, that I may yet more joyfully and thankfully accept them: Seeing God will glorifie his love and mercy by ſuch incomprehenſible*

gifts as these, behold, Lord, a wretch that needeth all this mercy! And seeing it is the offer of thy Grace and Covenant, *my Soul doth gladly take thee for my God and Father, for my Saviour and my Sanctifier: And here I give my up self unto thee, as thy Created, Redeemed and (I hope) Regenerate one; as thy Own, thy Subject and thy Child, to be saved and Sanctified by thee, to be beloved by thee and to Love thee to everlasting: O seal up this Covenant and pardon, by the Spirit, which thou sealest and delivereſt to me in thy Sacrament: that, without reserve, I may be entirely and for ever thine!*

9. When you see the Communicants receiving with you, let your very hearts be united to the Saints in love, and say, *How goodly are thy Tents,* O Jacob! *How amiable is the Family of the Lord! How good and pleasant is the unity of Bretheren? How dear to me are the pretious numbers of my Lord! though they have yet all their spots and weaknesses, which he pardoneth, and so must we. My goodness* O *Lord extendeth not unto thee; but unto thy Saints, the excellent ones on earth, in whom*

s my delight. What portion of my eſtate hou requireſt I willingly give unto the poor, nd if I have wronged any man, I am willing to reſtore it: And ſeeing thou haſt loved me an enemy, and forgiven me ſo reat a debt, I heartily forgive thoſe that have done me wrong, and love my enemies. O keep me in thy Family all my days, for day in thy Court is better than a Thouſand, nd the door-keepers in thy houſe are happier han the moſt proſperous of the wicked, Numb. 24. 5. Pſal. 133. & 15. 4. & 16. 2, 3. Luke 19. 8. Pſal. 84. 10.

10. When the Miniſter returneth Thanks and Praiſe to God, ſtir up your ouls to the greateſt alacrity; and ſuppoſe ou ſaw the Heavenly Hoſts of Saints nd Angels praiſing the ſame God in the reſence of his Glory; and think with our ſelves, that you belong to the ſame amily and ſociety as they, and are learn- ng their work, and muſt ſhortly arrive at heir perfection: Strive therefore to imitate hem in Love and Joy; and let your very ouls be poured out in Praiſes and Thankſ- iving: And when you have the next eſure for your private thoughts (as when

the Minister is exhorting you to your duty) exercise your love and thanks and Faith and hope and self-denyal and Resolution for future obedience, in some such breathings of your Souls as these: O *my gracious God, thou hast surpassed all humane comprehension in thy* Love! *Is this thy usage of unworthy prodigals! I feared lest thy wrath as a consuming fire would have devoured such a guilty Soul; and thou wouldest have charged upon me all my folly: But while I condemned my self, thou hast forgiven & justified me; and surprized me with the sweetest embracements of thy love! I see now that thy thoughts are above our thoughts, and thy ways above our ways, and thy love excelleth the love of man, even more than the Heavens are above the earth. With how dear a price hast thou Redeemed a wretch, that deserved thy everlasting vengeance! with how pretious and sweet a Feast hast thou entertained me, who deserved to be cast out with the workers of iniquity! shall I ever more slight such* Love *as this? shall it not overcome my Rebelliousness; and melt down my cold and hardned heart? shall I be saved from Hell and*

not

not be thankful? Angels are admiring these miracles of Love *? and shall not I admire them? Their love to us doth cause them to rejoyce, while they stand by and see our Heavenly feast? And should it not be sweeter to us that are the guests that feed upon it? My God how dearly hast thou purchased my Love? How strangly hast thou deserved and sought it? Nothing is so much my grief and shame, as that I can answer such* Love, *with no more fervent fruitful Love. O what an addition would it be to all this pretious mercy, if thou wouldst give me a Heart to answer these thine invitations, That thy Love thus poured out, might draw forth mine, and my Soul might flame by its approaching unto these thy flames? And that Love draw out by the sense of Love, might be all my life? O that I could Love thee as much as I would Love thee? Yea as much as thou wouldest have me Love thee? But this is too great a happiness for earth! But thou hast shewed me the place where I may attain it! My Lord is here, in full possession: who hath left me these pledges, till he come and fetch us to himself, and feast us there in our Ma-*

ſters Joy ; O bleſſed place ! O happy company that ſee his Glory, and are filled with the ſtreams of thoſe Rivers of conſolation ! yea happy we whom thou haſt called from our dark and miſerable ſtate, and made us Heirs of that felicity, and paſſengers to it, and expectants of it, under the conduct of ſo ſure a guide ! O then we ſhall Love thee without theſe ſinful pauſes and defects ! in another meaſure, and another manner than now we do : when thou ſhalt reveal and communicate thy attractive Love, in another meaſure and manner than now ! Till then, my God, I am devoted to thee ; By right and Covenant I am thine ! My ſoul here beareth witneſs againſt my ſelf, that my defects of Love have no excuſe ; Thou deſerveſt all, if I had the Love of all the Saints in Heaven and Earth to give thee. VVhat hath this world to do with my affections ? And what is this ſordid corruptible fleſh, that its deſires and pleaſures ſhould call down my Soul, and tempt it to neglect my God ? VVhat is there in all the ſufferings that man can lay upon me, that I ſhould not joyfully accept them for his ſake, that hath Redeemed me from Hell, by ſuch

unmatched

unmatched voluntary sufferings? Lord, seeing thou regardest, and so regardest, so vile a worm, my heart, my tongue, my hand confess, that I am wholly thine. O let me live to none but thee, and to thy service, and thy Saints on earth! And O let me no more return unto iniquity! nor venture on that sin that killed my Lord! And now thou hast chosen so low a dwelling, O be not strange to the Heart that thou hast so freely chosen! O make it the daily residence of thy spirit! Quicken it by thy grace; adorn it with thy gifts; employ it in thy Love, delight in its attendance on thee; refresh it with thy joys and the light of thy countenance; and destroy this carnality, selfishness and unbelief; And let the World see that God will make a Palace of the lowest heart, when he chooseth it for the place of his own abode.

Direct. 8. *When you come home, review the mercy which you have received, and the duty which you have done, and the Covenant you have made: And,* 1. *Betake your selves to God in Praise and Prayer for the perfecting of his work: And,* 2. *Take heed to your hearts that they grow*

not

not cold, and that worldly things or diverting trifles, do not blot out the ſacred impreſſions, which Chriſt hath made, and that they cool not quickly into their former dull and ſleepy frame. 3. *And ſee that your Lives be actuated by the grace that you have here received, that even they that you converſe with may perceive that you have been with God.* Eſpecially when Temptations would draw you again to ſin; and when the injuries of Friends or Enemies would provoke you, and when you are called to teſtifie your Love to Chriſt, by any coſtly work or ſuffering; remember then what was ſo lately before your eyes, and upon your heart; and what you reſolved on, and what a Covenant you made with God. Yet judge not of the fruit of your Receiving, ſo much by feeling, as by faith: for more is promiſed than you yet poſſeſs.

Here

Here follows the Authors solemn Resignation of himself to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

'O My God, I look to Thee, I come 'to Thee, to thee alone! No man, no 'worldly creature made me; none of 'them did redeem me; none of them did 'renew my soul, none of them will justi-'fie me at thy Bar, nor forgive my sin, 'nor save me from the penal Justice: 'none of them will be a full or a perpe-'tual felicity or portion for my soul. I 'am not a stranger to their promises and 'performances: I have trusted them too 'far, and followed them too long! O that 'it had been less, (though I must thank-'fully acknowledge, that Mercy did ear-'ly shew me their deceit, and turn my en-'quiring thoughts to thee:) to thee I *re-'sign* my self, for I am *thine own!* to thee 'I *subject* all powers of my Soul and body,

'for

'for thou art my Rightful Sovereign
'Governour: from thee I *thankfully* ac-
'cept of all the benefits and comforts of
'my life: in thee I expect my true felici-
'ty and content: to know thee, and love
'thee, and delight in thee, must be my
'blessedness, or I must have none. The
'little tastes of this sweetness which my
'thirsty soul hath had, do tell me that
'there is no other real joy. I feel that
'thou hast *made* my mind to *know thee*,
'and I feel thou hast made my heart to
'love thee, my tongue to praise thee, and
'all that I am and have to serve thee!
'And even in the panting languishing de-
'sires and motions of my soul, I find that
'thou, and only thou, art its resting place:
'and though Love do now but *search*, and
'*pray*, and *cry*, and *weep*, and in reaching
'upward, but cannot reach, the glorious
'light, the blessed knowledge, the perfect
'love, for which it longeth; yet by its eye,
'its aim, its motions, its moans, its groans,
'I know its meaning, where it would be,
'and I know its end. My displaced soul will
'never be *well*, till it come near to thee,
'till it know thee better, till it love thee
'more

'more. It loves it self, and justifieth
'that self-love, when it can love thee:
'it loaths it self, and is weary of it self as a
'lifeless burden, when it feels no pant-
'ings after thee. Wert thou to be found
'in the most solitary desart, it would seek
'thee; or in the uttermost parts of the
'earth, it would make after thee: thy
'presence makes a croud, a Church: thy
'converse maketh a closet, or solitary
'wood or field, to be kin to the Angelical
'Chore. The creature were dead, if
'thou wert not its life; and ugly, if thou
'wert not its beauty; and insignificant,
'if thou wert not its sense. The soul
'is deformed, which is without thine Im-
'age; and lifeless, which liveth not in
'love to thee, if love be not its pulse,
'and prayer, and praise, its constant breath:
'the Mind is unlearned which readeth
'not thy Name on all the World, and
'seeth not HOLINESS TO THE
'LORD engraven upon the face of every
'creature. He doteth that doubteth of
'thy Being or Perfections, and he dream-
'eth who doth not live to thee. O let
'me have no other portion! no reason, no

'love

'love, no life, but what is devoted to thee,
'employed *on* thee, and *for* thee here, and
'shall be perfected in thee, the only per-
'fect final object, for evermore. Upon
'the holy Altar erected by thy Son, and
'by his hands, and his mediation, I hum-
'bly devote and offer thee *THIS HEART*:
'O that I could say with greater feeling,
'*This flaming, loving, longing Heart!*
'But the sacred fire which must kindle
'on my sacrifice, must come from thee;
'it will not else ascend unto thee: let
'it consume this dross, so the nobler part
'may know its home. All that I can say
'to commend it to thine acceptance, is,
'that I hope it's wash'd in precious blood,
'that there is something in it that is thine
'own; it still looketh towards thee, & groan-
'eth to thee, & followeth after thee, and
'will be content with gold, and mirth,
'and honour, and such inferiour fooleries
'no more: it lieth at thy doors, and will
'be entertain'd or perish. Though alas,
'it loves thee not as it would, I boldly say,
'it longs to love thee, it loves to love
'thee; it seeks, it craves no greater bles-
'sedness than perfect endless mutual love:

'it is vowed to thee, even to thee alone;
'and will never take up with shadows
'more; but is resolved to lie down in
'sorrow and despair, if thou wilt not be
'its *REST* and *JOY*. It hateth it self
'for loving thee no more; accounting no
'want, deformity, shame or pain so great
'and grievous a calamity.

'For thee the Glorious blessed GOD,
'it is that I come to *Jesus Christ*. If he
'did not reconcile my guilty soul to thee,
'and did not teach it the heavenly art and
'work of Love, by the sweet communi-
'cations of thy love, he could be no Sa-
'viour for me. Thou art my only ul-
'timate end; it is only a guide and way to
'thee that my anxious soul hath so much
'studied: and none can teach me rightly to
'know thee, & to love thee, and to live to
'thee, but thy self: it must be a Teacher
'sent from thee, that must conduct me to
'thee. I have long looked round about me
'in the world, to see if there were a more
'lucid Region, from whence thy will
'and glory might be better seen, than
'that in which my lot is fallen: But no
'Traveller that I can speak with, no Book

'which

'which I have turn'd over, no Creature 'which I can see, doth tell me more than 'Jesus Christ. I can find no way so suit-'able to my soul, no medicine so fitted to 'my misery, no bellows so fit to kindle 'love, as faith in Christ, the Glass and 'Messenger of thy love. I see no doctrine 'so divine and heavenly, as bearing the 'image and superscription of God; nor 'any so fully confirmed and delivered by 'the attestation of thy own Omnipotency; 'nor any which so purely pleads thy 'cause, and calls the Soul from *self* and '*vanity*, and condemns its sin and puri-'fieth it, and leadeth it directly unto thee; 'and though my former ignorance dis-'abled me to look back to the Ages past, 'and to see the methods of thy provi-'dence, and when I look into thy Word, 'disabled me from seeing the beauteous 'methods of thy Truth; thou hast given 'me a glimpse of clearer light, which hath 'discovered the reasons and methods of 'grace, which I then discerned not: and 'in the midst of my most hideous tempta-'tions and perplexed thoughts, thou 'kept alive the root of faith, and kept

'alive

alive the love to thee and unto holiness which it had kindled. Thou hast mercifully given me the *witness* in myself; not an *unreasonable perswasion* in my *mind*, but that *renewed nature*, those holy and heavenly desires and delights, which sure can come from none but thee. And O how much more have I perceived in many of thy servants, than in my self! thou hast cast my lot among the Souls whom Christ hath healed. I have daily conversed with those whom he hath raised from the dead. I have seen the power of thy Gospel upon sinners: All the love that ever I perceived kindled towards thee, and all the true obedience that ever I saw performed to thee, hath been effected by the word of Jesus Christ: how oft hath his spirit helped me to pray! and how often hast thou heard those prayers! what pledges hast thou given to my staggering faith, in the works which prayer hath procured, both for my self and many others? And if Confidence in Christ be yet deceit, must I not say that thou hast deceived me?

'me? who I know canst neither be de-
'ceived, or by any falshood or seduction
'deceive.

'On thee therefore, O my dear Re-
'deemer, do I cast and trust this sinful
'soul! with *Thee* and with thy *holy Spirit*
'I renew my Covenant; I *know* no o-
'ther; I *have* no other; I *can* have no
'other Saviour but thy self: To thee I
'deliver up this soul which thou hast re-
deemed, not to be advanced to the
'wealth, and honours, and pleasures of this
'world; but to be delivered from them,
'and to be healed of sin, and brought
'to God; and to be saved from this
'present evil world, which is the portion
'of the ungodly and unbelievers:
'to be washed in thy Blood, and illumi-
'nated, quickened and confirmed by thy
"SPIRIT; and conducted in the ways
'of holiness and love: and at last to
'be presented justified and spotless to the
'Father of spirits, and possessed of the
'glory which thou hast promised. O
'thou that hast prepared so dear a medi-
'cine for the cleansing of polluted guilty
'souls, leave not this unworthy soul in its
'guilt,

guilt, or in its pollution! O thou that knowest the Father, and his Will, and art nearest to him, and most beloved of him, cause me in my degree to know the Father; acquaint me with so much of his will, as concerneth my duty, or my just encouragement: leave not my soul to grope in darkness, seeing thou art the Sun and Lord of Light. O heal my estranged thoughts of God! is he my light, and life, and all my hope? and must I dwell with him for ever? and yet shall I know him no better than thus? shall I learn no more that have such a Teacher? and shall I get no nearer him, while I have a Saviour and a Head so near? O give my faith a clearer prospect into that better world! and let me not be so much unacquainted with the place in which I must abide for ever! And as thou hast prepared a Heaven for holy souls, prepare this too-unprepared soul for Heaven, which hath not long to stay on earth. And when at death I resign it into thy hands, receive it as thine own, and finish the Work which thou hast begun, in placing it

among

'among the bleſſed Spirits, who are filled 'with the ſight and love of God. I truſt 'thee living; let me truſt thee dying, 'and never be aſhamed of my truſt.

'And unto Thee, the Eternal Holy 'Spirit, proceeding from the Father and 'the Son, the Communicative LOVE, 'who condeſcendeſt to make *Perfect* the 'Elect of God, do I deliver up this dark 'imperfect ſoul, to be further renewed, 'confirmed and perfected, according to 'the holy Covenant. Refuſe not to bleſs 'it with thine indwelling and operations; 'quicken it with thy life; irradiate it by 'thy light; ſanctifie it by thy love; actuate 'it purely, powerfully and conſtantly by 'thy holy motions. And though the way 'of this thy ſacred influx be beyond 'the reach of humane apprehenſion; yet 'let me know the reality and ſaving pow-'er of it, by the happy effects. Thou 'art more to ſouls, than ſouls to bodies, 'than light to the eyes. O leave not 'my ſoul as a carrion deſtitute of thy 'life; nor its eyes as uſeleſs, deſtitute of 'thy light; nor leave it as a ſenſeleſs 'block without thy motion. The re-

'membrance

'membeance of what *I* was without 'thee, doth make me fear lest thou 'shouldest with-hold thy grace. Alas, '*I* feel, *I* daily feel that *I* am dead to all 'good, and all that's good is dead to me, 'if thou be not the life of all. Teachings 'and reproofs, mercies and corrections, yea, 'the Gospel it self, and all the liveliest 'Books and Sermons, are dead to me, be-'cause I am dead to them: yea, God is as 'no God to me, and Heaven as no Hea-'ven, and Christ as no Christ, and the 'cleareſt evidences of Scripture verity are 'as no proofs at all, if thou represent 'them not with light and power to my 'soul: Even as all the glory of the world 'is as nothing to me without the light by 'which it's seen. O thou that hast be-gun, and given me those heavenly *inti-mations* and *desires*, which flesh and blood could never give me, suffer not my folly to quench these sparks, nor this brutish flesh to prevail against thee, nor the powers of hell to stifle and kill such a heavenly seed. O pardon that folly and wilfulness, which hath too often, too obdurately and too unthank-'fully

'fully ſtriven againſt thy grace; and de-
'part not from an unkind and ſinful ſoul!
'I remember with grief and ſhame, how
'I wilfully bore down thy motions; pun-
'iſh it not with deſertion, and give me
'not over to my ſelf. Art thou not in
'Covenant with me, as my *Sanctifier*, and
'*Confirmer*, and *Comforter?* I never un-
'dertook to do theſe things for my ſelf;
'but I conſent that thou ſhouldeſt work
'them on me. As thou art the Agent and
'Advocate of Jeſus my Lord, O plead his
'cauſe effectually in my ſoul, againſt the
'ſuggeſtions of Satan and my unbelief;
'and finiſh his healing ſaving work; and
'let not the fleſh or world prevail. Be
'in me the reſident witneſs of my Lord,
'the Author of my prayers, the Spirit of
'Adoption, the Seal of God, and the ear-
'neſt of mine inheritance. Let not my
'nights be ſo long, and my days ſo ſhort,
'nor ſin eclipſe thoſe beams, which have
'often illuminared my ſoul. Without thee,
'Books are ſenſeleſs ſcrawls, ſtudies are
'dreams, learning is a Glow-Worm, and
'wit is but wantonneſs, impertinency and
'folly. Tranſcribe thoſe ſacred precepts

'on

'on my heart, which by thy dictates and 'inspiration are recorded in thy holy 'word. I refuse not thy help for tears 'and groans: but O shed abroad that love 'upon my heart, which may keep it in a 'continual life of love. And teach me 'the work which I must do in Heaven: 'refresh my soul with the delights of holi-'ness, & the joys which arise from the belie-'ving hopes of the everlasting joys: Exer-'cise my heart and tongue in the holy 'praises of my Lord. Strengthen me in 'sufferings; and conquer the terrors of 'Death and Hell. Make me the more 'heavenly, by how much the faster I am 'hastening to Heaven: and let my last 'thoughts, words and works on earth, 'be likest to those which shall be my first 'in the state of glorious immortality; 'where the Kingdom is delivered up to 'the Father, and GOD will for ever be '*All*, and *In all*: of whom, and through 'whom, and to whom are all things, To 'whom be glory for ever. *Amen.*

A Pathetical Meditation on the Passion of Christ; to be read by Communicants before their reception of the Sacrament of the Lords-Supper.

Quest.

WHat *is the Sacrament of the Lords-Supper?*

Answ. It consists of two visible signs, *Bread* and *Wine*, which by the Lords appointment was to represent to the receiver his bloody death, that so his Disciples may keep it fresh in their memories.

Q. *But is it only to remember that there was a Christ, and that he was crucified, and no more?*

Answ. Experience tells us that such a bare remembrance as that, doth little move upon the heart and upon the affections, and so will do little or no good. It is not the remembrance of any mans death that doth of it self affect me, but as I consider him as a *Father*, or as a *Husband*, or as a *Friend*,

Friend, with many other expreſſions of his love to me when living, this will exceedingly work upon the heart, ſo as to cauſe ſorrow and grief, and the like.

Queſt. *What is it then that I muſt call to mind when I think upon a bleeding and dying Chriſt, ſo as to affect my heart?*

Anſw. The cruel and bloody *nature* of his Death; here you may conſider the whole ſtory of his Arraignment, his being betrayed by his own Apoſtle, his being ſpit upon and crowned with thorns, his being mocked and jeered by putting a *reed* into his hand inſtead of a *ſcepter*, afterwards his bearing of a Croſs, and his being nailed to it in his hands and feet; after that, his being pierced through with a *ſpear*; this *Mat.* 27. will fully acquaint you with. *Secondly*, the *cauſes* of his Death; it was no natural diſeaſe, neither was it for any evil done of his own, but for us, *He bore our iniquities upon the croſs.* Thirdly, *the effects of his death*, which was to obtain power of his Father to conquer the Devil, and pull us out of his hands; to break our hearts, and to conquer us to himſelf, to pardon our ſins,

and

and to give unto us eternal life with himself in glory, and this upon our faith and sincere repentance. Now from all these things are your Meditations to be raised, before you come to this Sacrament, and when you are receiving of it.

An *Example of Meditation* I have here set you down as followeth.

Away these wanton wandering wordly *thoughts*, you are clogs to my soul. Away all trifling worldly *business*, I cannot now attend your call, my heart hath now something else to do. Adieu my *Friends*, farewell my *Husband*, *Wife* and *Child*, I must go see *my bleeding* Lord, that's dearer to me than you all. Come now my soul, thou art alone, thou knowest the way make hast and speed; look yonder, see how the people flock; cross but this *vale*, and climb but up this *mount*, thou wilt soon arrive at bloody *Golgotha*, where thou shalt see thy bleeding and dying Saviour to sigh and linger out a dying life on the Cross in love for thee. This, this might, *Oh my Soul*, have been thy day,

day, and thou might'st have been the prisoner; this I say *might have been* the day in which thou might'st have drunk the bitter cup of the fierce anger of God. But look yonder! there *he* goes that must drink up the dregs, and all for *thee*. Look again! there he goes that must lay down his life that thou maist be reprieved. But come, *my soul*, draw up a little nearer, thou canst not see him well at so great a distance; stand here and thou wilt see him passing; look, there he goes with a train of Virgins following. But see how cruelly these barbarous *Jews* do use him, they make him bear his Cross himself, and press his wearied fainting limbs above his strength; see how they laugh and scoff, and wag their heads as if he were their *May-game*. Methinks my heart boils up with rage to see these cruelties revenged. Oh! how could the blessed God forbear to see his blessed Son thus wronged? Why did he not send twelve Legions of Angels for his rescue? Why doth he not send down fire from Heaven upon the heads of these his Sons enemies, and so consume them? But stay *my foolish heart*,

thou knoweſt not what ſpirit thou art of; this debt was owing, and it muſt be paid; God requires *ſo much*, and it muſt be given, or thou canſt not be ſaved. Thy Lord did know this well enough, for this he came from Heaven, and committed himſelf to the rage of men; he knew he muſt endure all theſe revilings, and doth it grieve thy ſoul to ſee him thus abaſed? Stay but a while, and thou ſhalt ſee him more; look up, *my ſoul*, come, tell me what thou ſeeſt? Oh I cannot, ſorrow tyes my tongue, I cannot ſpeak; I ſee and hear thoſe things that I want a power to utter. I ſee a *troop of Virgins* following him, their *weeping Eyes*, their *blubbering lips*, their *ſighs* and *throbbings* ſpeak them mourners. I ſee my Lord looks towards them, and kindly chides their loving ſorrow, *Why weep ye, Oh ye Daughters of Jeruſalem? weep not for me.* My Lord! what need was there for that queſtion? Should not they *weep* when thou muſt *bleed?* Would not their eyes have been flints if that *then* they ſhould not drop *tears* for thee, when as thou wert about to pour out thy *life* and *blood* for them? Ah! could they

chuſe,

huſe, or do leſs than weep to ſee thine nocent ſelf among a herd of *Tygers*! what ſhould a *Lamb* do there? they ſaw hee in their ravenous jaws about to tear hy heart, to ſuck out all thy blood, and eave thee dead. Have I not ſat and read, nd read and wept viewing over the tory; and could they forbear that with heir watry eyes ſaw this ſcene then *acted*? But whither, O whither, O ye blinded *Jews*, are ye dragging this my Lord? My ſpirit begins to faint, I now can look no longer, my heart now begins to ſwell with grief, it muſt now break, or I muſt vent it at mine eyes in ſtreams! Look! ſee the Hammer and Nails, the Hammer lift up to ſtrike. Bloody man! thou durſt not ſure; ſurely thou doſt not know *whoſe* hands and feet thou art now piercing; it is the *Prince* and *Saviour of the World*. Fooliſh heart! ſee how thou art miſtaken; look, ſee it's done, the nails are driven to the head! ſee how the *crimſon tears* run trickling down his hands and feet, and ſee how hardened hearts be laughing at it! Oh ſilly fooliſh blinded men! what laugh you at? This very *Chriſt* whom

now you mock, ſhall be your *Judge*; this very man *Jeſus* whom you have *thus abuſed* ſhall come attended with thouſands of Angels, with the ſound of Trumpets, and ſhall ſit upon your *life* and *death*. Him whom you now have nailed to a Croſs, *hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour*. What then will you do when that great and terrible day of the Lord ſhall come? How will you look him in the face whom you have *ſpit on?* How will you dare to ſpeak a word for your ſelves to him whom you have *nailed to a tree* and *crucified?* His wounds in *hands*, *ſide* and *feet* ſhall all bear witneſs againſt you, and his *innocent blood* that you have ſpilt ſhall cry aloud about the throne for vengeance againſt you; your *flouts* ſhall then be turned into *tears*, and your *taunts* into *lamentations*. And how will you then look and cry when God paſſeth ſentence on you, and thruſts you down to Hell to bear the puniſhment of your ſins? this is the Lord that came to ſpare your lives, yet your wickedneſs ſpared not his; and how at length can you think to eſcape with yours?

But

But once again, look up *my soul*, and see what is become of thy *nailed* and *crucified Lord*: Ah me! he is not *quite* dead, look how he gasps and pants for life! Oh how his looks are changed! How pale and wan do I see his cheeks! the blood and all the spirits are quite drawn from them. Methinks he should be dead, for see how weak his *neck* is grown, that it is not able to support his *head* that lyes a dying on his *bleeding breast*. What yet not *dead*! see how he shakes and stirs his dying limbs! what *gasps* and *groans* do I hear him fetch, as if his soul were struggling to get out? Hark, hark, he *speaks*! Oh let me catch the least breath of my dying Saviour. What saith my Lord? Hark, what dost thou not hear! What? *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* I am amazed to hear these words. How couldst thou suspect thy Fathers love? How could he be *far from thee*, who was *one with thy self*? But Oh! this is but the voice of his *Manhood*, and not of his *Godhead*. It was the voice of the dying and bleeding Man *Jesus*, not the voice of the *God Jesus*.

But, *Oh my Lord*, what are thoſe pains and gripes thou feeleſt, that brings forth theſe complainings? But why do I ask this queſtion? hath he not been all this while a drinking up the cup his Father gave him, the bitter, and ſowr, and poyſonous cup of his Fathers wrath, which I and all the world had elſe drunk of? he juſt now ſwallowed down the laſt mouthful of the dregs, whoſe *bitter noiſom taſte* hath ſent forth theſe *doleful lamentations*; for mark, he had no ſooner ſpoke theſe words, but he gaſped his laſt.

The cauſes of his Death.

And muſt the *Son* of God be humbled thus? muſt he that was from everlaſting, raiſed and advanced *above every man in heaven and earth*; he that lay in the arms and breaſt of God, loved by the Father, and his *only Son*; honoured, adored, admired and beloved of ten thouſand times ten thouſands of Angels; But muſt *this God* leave all this glory, and change that ſweet Heavenly and delightſome *Palace* for ſo mean, ſo low, ſo dirty a *cottage*, as to be born a *man*. And muſt his entertainment

ment at first be no better than a *stable* or a *manger* could give him? No sooner must he begin to live, but must an enemy assault his life? Must he travel up and down the earth, and spend his time and strength in preaching *glad tidings* to miserable undone men, and fill the world with *signs and wonders*, and not deserve so much of men as a house to dwell in, or a hole to put his head in? and after all this humble, holy, long-suffering life, must he be thought of by this unthankful and unbelieving world as one not worthy to live, and not have a breathing in that air which he both made and gave them to breath in? but must he at length be laid hold of by a traiterous *Judas* that he had once taken for one of his Apostles; & must he suffer all this? But ah! alas! what is this? must he be also *crowned with thorns*, and must he *sweat* and *bleed*? Oh far more than tongue can utter! Oh astonishing condescention! thus did the Son become a *servant*, and learn'd obedience by his sufferings, and served *three and thirty years apprenticeship* in the pain and travel of his soul here on earth, a longer time than *Jacob* served for his

beloved *Rachel*, & that becauſe he loved us better, and therefore gave a better dowry for us. But had I lived to have ſeen this *Prince of Glory* thus diſguis'd, this *Eaſtern Sun* thus benighted in a cloud, this Glorious God thus wraped up in rags of fleſh, ſhould I have known him, or not? my ſenſual heart, I doubt thee much; wouldeſt thou have cleaved to him and loved him better than thy life, and have ſaid, *Though all leave thee, I will not*; and with *Paul, I am willing and ready not only to be bound, but to die for thee.* What thinkeſt thou, Oh *my ſoul*! couldſt thou have left Husband, Wife, Father and Mother, and all the reſt of thy Friends, and have ſold all that thou haſt, and followed him, what him whom the Prophet foretold? *Iſa.* 53. 23. *He hath no form or comlineſs in him, that you ſhould deſire him: he is deſpiſed and rejected of men, a man of ſorrows and acquainted with griefs.* Tell me, tell me, couldſt thou have divorced thy ſelf from all, and have taken this ſeemingly uncomely perſon for thy *Lord*, and only *Husband*? Ah me! I do not know my heart; but ſurely, had

I known him as I do now know him, I should not have stuck at any thing for him. *For* what if his *Face* did want *comliness*, seeing it came so with tears and grief for thee? and wilt thou love thy friend the worse, because he shares in sorrow with thee? for thou canst not but know that he came from Heaven to take to himself a Spouse on Earth; and if I was one that he loved, and grieved for to see my stubborn heart so hard to yield, was this the cause he wanted beauty? On such a want as this is lovely, and methinks my heart could have cleaved the closer to him, *There was no beauty or comliness in him*, and what of that? my ugly and deformed soul deserves more loathing; my *righteousness*, the comeliest part about me is but *rags*, or a *menstruous cloth*; if there were no more desirableness in him than in me, Oh had I loved him then, and left all for him, it were no wonder: but that he should love me, I rather stand amazed! There was no *beauty* in him, it may be so; but could it be otherwise expected from him who came to work in *fire and smoke*, who came to quench the Flames of Hell, and

to satisfie Gods wrath and justice? to pull out filthy souls from the jaws of lustful sensual flesh and blood? it was not *beauty* but *strength* that was here needful. A glance of an *amorous eye* would not have wounded *Satan*, and made him fall from Heaven like a flash of Lightning. A *comly countenance* could not have inchanted and unbar'd *Hell gates*, and made them fall, and break before him into shatters. What need a *fair hand* to touch our filthy *rotten souls*, and take them up in menstruous blood, and wash them clean; or what need such clean hands to clasp about the *rusty iron gates* wherein I and all the world lay bound in chains, and to pull them down, to take our cankered bolts and knock them off; to take us by the hand to help us up, and lead us out? Alas! there needs no such *eye*, *face*, or *hand* for such a work. It is powerful, all-conquering strength that is here required. It was a powerful victorious arm that here was needed, and such a one he had. But what should he do with a *beautious body* that must be so abased and *abused* as his was? an uncomly face will serve where it must be *spit* on.

What

What must he do with a *fair soft delicate hand*, which must be *pierced*; another kind of hand is good enough to *knock a nail into*. And what needs his body be of a clear, white, thin, transparent skin? will not any serve that body that must be bruised and wounded as his was; nay, as it was necessary his should be? But why thus necessary? either he must be thus dealt with, or else my sin cannot be pardoned. Either he must be despised of men, or I *must be of God*. Oh! he must drink up this bitter cup with all its dregs, or else I must have drunk it up my self. It was I that sinned, and I must have suffered: this cursed, proud and earthly heart of mine rebelled and broke the Laws, and should have suffered and born the punishment; had not he stept in and born the stroke off from me, I had been now burning in everlasting flames, and have been lingering out this time in torment, which I am now spending in the sweet thoughts of my escape. And is not this all true? speak out, *my Soul*; hath not the *Prophet* said as much? *Surely* (saith he) *he hath born our griefs, and carried our sorrows:*

he

he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace lay upon him, and by his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep are gone astray, we are every one turned to his one way, and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquities of us all. He was oppressed, he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before the shearers was dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and judgment, and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living. And for the transgression of my people was he smitten. Thou seest thy *debt*, and thy Saviours *payment* of it; these are no fictions; thou hast just now read a *sure word of Prophecy* that hath confirmed it. Those *wounds*, those *stripes*, those *bruises* which thou readest of, he bore for thee, and which were due to thee. It was thou that shouldst have been led *from prison to judgment*, from prison to the Judgment-seat of the great God, who should have sat as Judge; he should have arraigned thee, sentenced thee, and have

sent

ſent thee to the *ſlaughter-houſe of Hell*, where thou ſhouldeſt have been weeping, and wailing, and gnaſhing of thy teeth. But Oh amazing love and grace! the Son of God that loved me better than his life, ſtept off his Throne and took my nature on him, and became a man like to me (only ſin excepted) he came and bid me comfort my trembling heart, he would put himſelf in my condition, and become the priſoner; and if my ſin would coſt his *life*, he would freely part with it. Methinks I feel my bowels turn, my ſpirits melt within me; was ever love like to his love? he was a ſtranger to me: why did he not let me die? It was his Father I did wrong, why did he not let me ſuffer? What if my puniſhment was as great as Hell? ſurely I did deſerve it. What if my pains and ſcreeches were eternal? Ah! I was a creature, a worm, a fly, a nothing to him, and what need he have cared? but he loved me; and could he love a priſoner at the Bar? I was a *ſinner*, a *vile polluted* one, methinks he ſhould have *loathed* me; but he did *waſh* thee, and make thee clean again. Ay, but I was

his

his Fathers *enemy*, and ſo no friend to him; or would he love an enemy? or did he not know ſo much? but how could that be when he ſaw my heart, and the enmity that was in it? yes, he did, and yet he loved thee; *even while we were enemies he died for us.* But why did he love an enemy? or how could he do it? I know not why, it is paſt my reaſon to imagine it: *Oh inexpreſſible love!* Oh love paſt *thought!* I cannot fathom thee with my reaſon, thy ways are unaccountable; *he loves becauſe he will love.* And though his love diſpleaſeth us, yet it pleaſeth him to love us. What ails my heart? I cannot find it ſtir? What, dead under the reviving thoughts of thy deareſt Redeemer! I juſt now ſaid, he loved thee though an enemy, and when thou lovedſt not him; I ſee the enmity is not quite remov'd, thou canſt not love him yet: Ariſe, ſhake up thy ſelf, and look about thee, thou doſt not ſure ſee thy mercy; ſurely thou underſtandeſt not what thou oughteſt to underſtand. Come away, Oh come away, lift up thy drowſie head, I will make thee look and love, while I ſet thee all on burning, and

make

make thee ere I leave thee confess thou lovest him. Think, think, *Oh my soul*, that thou hadst just now sinned and broke that law which threatned death, and upon the breach doth find thee guilty. Think that thou sawest a flaming Cherubim, a messenger of the Court of Heaven flirt in at that door and arrest thee for High treason and give thee a summons to rise from the seat thou sittest on, to make a sudden answer for thy life. Look then, my soul, Ah! I lookt just now, I see that door wide open: What's this a *spirit*? Ah me, *I* am undone, for *I* have sinned! *I* think the room shakes under me, or else 'tis my heart that's trembling. What's this *I* hear! I must now answer for my life: O what shall I say! I know not what; I have sinned, my Conscience tells me that I have sinned, the witness within will cast me, I see the Inditement writ with blood on my heart; the pride, sensuality, and the earthlines of which I am charged with, I am not able to deny one tittle. Oh for a mountain to cover me: Oh whither shall I go, wither shall I flie? That Bed, these Curtains, this closet cannot hide me.

My

My Mother, Father, Wife or Child, can not help me: O who then ſhall? I run, whither, I know not; vengeance will find me out where ever I go. Oh curſed and ſubtil *Satan*! are all thy fair promiſes and inticements come to this! O my wicked curſed fooliſh *heart*! that ever I ſhould believe him before my Creator, that told me, *the day I ſinned I ſhould ſurely die.* Oh that for a little ſimple tranſient pleaſure I ſhould ſo madly hazard my eternal life! and now I muſt be caſt to Hell to bear the puniſhment of my folly. Think once again, think that this were the day, and this the very place in which God ſhould come and ſit in Judgement on thee. Methinks I ſee the Heavens bow themſelves: Oh what a crackling do I hear in the Clouds; look yonder! ſee who comes! it is *my Judge*; his countenance is as a flame of fire, he utters his voice like Thunder, the mountains skip, or rather ſhake, or rather tremble. Now, now, is the time of my utter deſtruction near at hand. Oh how ſhall *I* look him in the face! his looks do already affright me! I ſhall not ſay one word, and I have not one Friend

that

that will say one word for me. It's true, I see a terrible glorious Troop of Angels that do attend him, but they are all his friends, and therefore all my enemies: I dare not speak a word to them; and alas! if I should, they are all but his servants, and fellow-creatures with my self; alas! they cannot, yea they will not help me. It's true, there is *one*, that *one* that seems *as one with God*, the beams of whose countenance are far brighter than all the Host of Heaven: Besides, if God have a Son, it may be it is he; methinks he is a *mirrour* of his Fathers Glory; but this I know not; be what he will, he cannot pity me a sinner, the doors of hope are all shut up, and now as a miserable wretch I must prepare to hear my sentence; the *Judge* is set, and with trembling heart and joints I stand a *prisoner* at the Bar for my life, and now I must attend his call.

God speaks,] *Sinner, where art thou?*

The Sinner answers] Lord, here am I.

God speaks] *How dareſt thou thus abuse*

buse my Grace, and kindle up my zeal against thee that now as stuble it will consume thee? Is this the thanks that thou hast returned for all the love that I have shewed to thee? Must *I* make a whole world and give it to thee, and as if that was too little, *I* bid thee freely take my self and all, and would not this content thee? Was *I* not as a Father to thee, the time thou lovedst me, and didst obey me? Did *I* not make thy seat a Paradice, and strewed thy paths with pleasure? Did *I* not rejoyce over thee as a young man over his bride? What evil hast thou found in me, that thou shouldst thus rebelliously revolt and break *my* Laws, and for a trifle sell my favour, and hazard my Eternal pleasures? Speak sinner, was it not so?

The sinner answers] My God, these weeping eyes and bended knees confess so much.

God speaks] Had *I* not told thee that sin would cost thee thy life, then thou hadst had some excuse: have *I* said it, and will the great God change? sinner, thou must die; *I* told thee so before, and now *I* tell

tell thee again, the God of Heaven cannot lye. Get thee gone thou curſed wretch into eternal flames, and keep that Devil company in chains and torments, with whom thou haſt rebelled againſt me, and go ſee what pleaſures thou haſt in ſinning.

The Sinner anſwereth] Thou great God and terrible Judge; I do confeſs thy ſentence juſt; but if there be any bowels of mercy in thee, pity me, or *I* die for ever. Mercy, mercy, Lord! for *I* am thy creature, the workmanſhip of thy hands. *If* there be any thing in the trembling heart and hands, and knees of this thy ſentenced priſoner, that will move compaſſion, O pity, pity a condemned ſinner.

God ſpeaks] What! ſtays he longer to trouble my patience! *I* ſay, be gone thou curſed; though thou art my creature, know that my wrath hath kindled on better creatures than thou art; get thee to Hell, and the howling Devils will tell thee as much.

The

The sinner speaks] Ah, wo, wo, wo to me, for ever cursed *I* am, and cursed must *I* go for ever, My righteous Judge, and ye Glorious Angels adieu for ever: Live, live for ever blessed and happy in his love; *I* might have lived, and joyed, and glorified in that God that made both ye and me; but like a wretch that *I* am, wo that ever *I* was born, I sold his favour, and so my eternal life, for a thing of nought, a vain lust, a sinful pleasure that lasted but for a season, and *I* go, *I* go into eternal flames. What says my heart to this? Methinks the very thoughts of it do make my heart to quiver, and my flesh to shake all round about me; *I* feel no strength in all my joints.

God speaks] So, so, *I* am glad something moves thee.

But think again, that the Devil did take hold of thee, and drag thee from the place thou sittest on, to Hell; suppose the Father frowning on thee, and all the Angels shouting thee down to Hell, and glorying in thy damnation; but think again

again thou saweſt when all were joying to ſee thee ſentenced to Hell, that he that ſat juſt by the Judge, whom thou thoughteſt even now to be his Son, but kneweſt it not. Look! look! methings *I* ſee him riſe off his Throne; ſee, ſee, how the Angels fall to adore him, methinks he is a coming near thee. Oh how my heart doth tremble: Oh what will he torment me before my time! Ah me! my doom is great enough already.

Sinner ſpeaks] Thou wilt not ſend me to a worſer place than Hell; my Judge hath paſſed my ſentence, thou canſt not ſend me into worſer than flames, or puniſh me longer than everlaſtingly.

Chriſt anſwers.] Oh how my bowels turn! this ſinner knows not what is in my heart; he thinks *I* am his enemy. Sinner, ſhake off thy tears, and wipe thine eyes, thou ſhalt not die.

The ſinner ſpeaks again.] Oh thou glorious God or Angel, or *I* know not what to call thee, do not delude or deride

a poor Caitiff wretch in the midſt of miſery: Why wilt thou raiſe me to ſuch a pinacle of hope, to caſt me down, and make my fall the greater? My Judge hath paſſed the ſentence, *I* muſt die; and who can reverſe the doom? Ah! *I* muſt go; ſee my priſon-door wide open; the ſmoke and flaſhes come to meet my deſpairing ſoul half way.

Chriſt ſpeaks] And now my heart begins to break, my love can keep no longer in; how cauſleſly doth this wretch torment his heart! he knows not who *I* am: *I* muſt reveal my ſelf. Sinner, *I love thee*; *I* ſay thou ſhalt not die: Come, feel my heart and pulſe how they beat, and tell how ſtrong my love within doth act them; Doſt thou not ſee *I* have left my Throne, and am come down to the Bar where thou ſtandeſt condemned? But why doſt thou weep? Come, let me wipe thine eyes, and bind up thy bleeding and deſpairing heart: *I* tell thee thou ſhalt not die: *If* Heaven will have blood, it ſhall have mine, ſo it will but ſpare thine. Sinner, if thou kneweſt who *I* am, thou wouldeſt

wouldest not doubt one tittle: I tell thee I am his *Son*, his *only Son*, that but now condemned thee: *I* know he is just, and justice must be satisfied. But do not thou fear, if one of us must die, it shall be *I*: *I* will pour out my blood a sacrifice for sin, and appease his wrath, and make you friends again. Ye innumerable company of Angels,(yet servants at my Father will) why do ye rejoyce to see my prisoner sent to *Hell*? this cursed soul over whom in glory you do now triumph, *I* do resolve to die for, and to buy her to my self a Spouse, and to make her blessed with your selves, and give her a *Princes's place* on a Throne that is by my self.

Sinner speaks] *Is* this a dream! or am *I* waking? the goodness, greatness, glory of this sudden unexpected blessed change, tempts me to doubt whether it be true, or whether it be some unruly fancy that doth delude this wretched heart of mine? What for the Son of God to debase himself so low as to take my nature, & so my cause, and become the prisoner! What! and though he knows he shall be

be caſt! Will he hear the ſentence, and quietly bear bolts, and ſhackles, and chains, which ſhould have fettered me? Yet more than this, Doth he know it is impoſſible to get a reprieve from his Father and judge?. and that he muſt moſt aſſuredly drink the bittereſt dregs of Death, more bitter than *D*evils or damned Souls in Hell has yet ever taſted of? For it is impoſſible the Cup ſhould paſs: And can he, will he, dare he venture? But ſtay, I muſt be a Spouſe! to be exalted from this Dunghill to be a *Princeſs* to the Son and Heir of Glory! Hold, hold, here's enough, it is a dream, an idle fancy of a diſtempered brain; *I* ſhall never find a heart to believe one Syllable. But yet, methinks, if it be a dream, 'tis a Golden one. *I*s it poſſible that ſuch a damned wretch as *I*, could harbour ſuch ſilken gilded thoughts of ſuch love, grace, mercy and tenderneſs of the Son of God? Oh my heart! if they were not true, how came they into my mind, or how came they to ſtay? or could they, if but meer fictions, make ſuch a change in my heart? Could they ſo victoriouſly conquer all my fear, ſilence

all

all my doubts, allay the heats of a scorched and be-helled Conscience? But why a dream, poor wretched heart? Didst thou not see him step off his Throne? Was it a time to dream or sleep in, when thou wert before the judgment-seat, while God was frowning, and the Devils dragging thee to and fro to get thee away to Hell? O then, just then, he stept down, drew near and took thee by the hand, and spoke these reviving words to thee: Doubt this, and doubt thy judgment. But why a dream? I am not now in Hells torments, whither *I* was just now sentenced: My heart is now at ease and quiet; surely something must be the reason why the Devil that but now had hold of me, hath left me. Where is the Conscience that but now was burning in me; But Oh, cannot the presence of the Lord put me out of doubt? Do not his words that were so kind, his tender dealing with me, doth not his stooping to me, taking me by the arm, and the gentle lifts that he gives to my drooping soul, speak him present? Oh! do not my head, eyes, arms, heart, breast, and the ease of every joint

and limb about me, witneſs the ſame? Away my unbelieving heart, what a ſtir is here to make thee believe a thing ſo evident? Doubt my mind, and freely doubt, I'le give thee leave, when thou haſt any occaſion or reaſon for it. But why ſhould *I* doubt that which is paſt all doubt? May I not believe my ſenſes? I both ſaw and heard him ſpeak the words; or ſhall I miſdoubt his faithfulneſs? I know he is the Son of God he cannot lye, but it is true? yet, my God, I pray thee be not angry with my ſcrupulous heart; thou ſeeſt in tears I make the doubt, let it be an argument to me of ſincerity: I do not ask that queſtion as one that would be fain perſwaded it's true: Canſt thou think, my Lord, that I would not be reconciled, and cheerfully accept of Grace when thou ſo freely offeredſt it? O but Lord, ſpeak theſe words to my heart which thou haſt already ſpoke to my ear, and thou wilt melt it into love and thankfulneſs, and I ſhall never doubt it more.

Object. *But yet, but what can Heaven love ſo much?*

Anſw.

Answ. Thou silly worm! how idly dost thou question? must Heaven, and so its love, be bound up to so narrow and contracted thoughts as thine are? What, can God love no more than thou canst? Love is a perfection, and God is infinitely perfect, so must be infinitely and incomprehensively loving. Thou fool, go sound the Sea, and tell me its greatest depths; give me the height of yonder Stars, this possibly thou maist do; for the Seas are not so deep but they have a bottom, nor the Stars so high, but they may by art be known. But, Oh the heights, and depths, and breadths, and lengths of the love of our Redeemer! He is God, and his breasts are so full of love, that they flow and overflow with love; they have *no bottom.* Do but try, my soul, cast thy self into this bottomless lovely *Ocean*, into this endless *Bosom*; and when thou hast been sinking millions of millions of years, tell me whether you come to ground. Ye glorious Angels, and ye blessed Spirits of just men made perfect, that live above, you that have been *wading downward* these five thousands of years,

do ye feel a bottom? or are ye near one? Away, away, my fooliſh heart; if this be all thou haſt to plead, he may redeem thee, and take thee for his Spouſe, and betroth thee to himſelf, notwithſtanding all this.

Object. *But Oh this filthy loathſom fleſhly ſelf, this baſe unthankful earthly heart, that can prefer a dunghill, droſs, and dirt, before him that can freely lay out his love to a creature like my ſelf: But Oh how hard, and ſtiff, and unrelenting am* I *to my* God. *But Oh he will ſlight me, becauſe* I *have often put him off, and ſlighted him; he cannot love and die for ſuch a one as I am.*

Anſw. Ceaſe, fool, thy reaſonings; he cannot love an enemy, becauſe thou canſt not; he cannot die, becauſe thy cowardly heart will not ſuffer thee! Why ſhould he fear the grave, that had power over it? And what though thou art unworthy of his love, if he will have thee and make thee worthy? Thy heart is baſe, and what of that, if he will mend it? thy filthy

thy rotten and polluted ſoul he intends to waſh and cleanſe it till it is without ſpot and wrinkle, or any ſuch thing. Thy ſtubborn proud earthly and luſtful heart, he can make humble, tender, ſoft and yielding. And when he hath made thee as he would, why may not he take thee to himſelf, and lay thee next his heart, and delight over thee everlaſtingly?

Obj. *But will his Father yield to this? I am too poor a match for the Son and heir of all things: But will he, can he ſuffer his Son to die to buy ſuch a beggarly thing to himſelf as I am?*

Anſw. Away theſe ſilly ſimple childiſh thoughts; how like an inhabitant of this earthly ſenſual world doſt thou reaſon? thou wilt not under-match, and therefore will not God his Son? Thou fool, thou wilt not becauſe thou canſt find another equal. But doſt thou not know that God can find none equal to his Son; he muſt ſtoop, or elſe go without. It's true, he might have gone without, but what if he would not, why ſhould not

Heaven have its will as well as thou? Thou haſt no dowry, and he doth need none, and yet thou argueſt as if Heaven would make traffick with his Son and his love, as we ſilly worms do here; but we are beggars, and ſo are Angels, and all the glorious Hoſts above, they are his Creatures, hang and depend upon him, and cannot ſubſiſt one moment happy without ſuplies and helps of his Grace; and why may he not bring a beggarly man as near to himſelf, as a beggarly Angel, if ſo it pleaſeth him?

Object. *But doth it ſo pleaſe him?*

Anſw. How often have I told thee it doth pleaſe him and haſt thou not believed? Come, if thy *hearing* will will not ſatisfy, let thy *ſeeing* do it. Look, if thou haſt eyes. Come tell me, doth not Heaven look as though it was pleaſed with the offer of his Son? What cloud or darkneſs doſt thou ſee about the Throne? What ſign or token of diſpleaſure canſt thou at all diſcover? Open thine eyes, view the God of Glory. Do his looks beſpeak him to be thy Father or

thy

thy Judge? And canst thou not be read both Husband, Father and Lord, and all in his countenance? What not see it! surely thou art blind: If he had not told as much from his own mouth, his eyes and looks bespeak his love and favour loud and clear enough to thee. But doth he not tell thee, to put thee out of all doubt, this is my well-beloved Son, hear him, hear him: What's that? believe him whatsoever he says, why, what saith he? O dull and stupid heart! hast thou forgot already! He said he will pay his life for thine; and doth not his Father bid thee hear him? He said he would reconcile thee, love thee, and make thee friends again; And is it not comfort when the Father bids thee believe him: he said, he will pardon, wash and cleanse thee, and take thee to himself, & betroth thee to him for ever, and after all will give thee to see his Glory, even the same Glory which he had before the World. And the Father is willing to all this, for he tells thee his Son, is his well-beloved Son, and bids thee believe him, and misdoubt not one syllable. And canst thou after all this

doubt that the Father is not willing? But do not his Angels likewise, who are miniſtring ſpirits, with voice and looks proclaim as much, that Heaven is well pleaſed with the Son, and with his Death and Paſſion, and ſo with thee in him? Do not the Angels admire the myſtery of Redeeming Grace, that makes them ſo deſirous to peep into it? Why did they proclaim his coming into the World, and ſing for joy that there was good will in Heaven to men on earth? or why do they ſo diligently attend thee by night and day? Thou ſeeſt them not keep guard about thy Chamber-door, and round about the Curtains of thy bed. Why do they attend thee from room to room, and follow thee down ſtairs, and out of doors, if it were not but that thou art ſome great Princeſs, nearly allied to their Lord and Maſter? Thou doſt not ſee this, blame then thine eyes, and the infidelity of thy heart; ſhall it be leſs true, becauſe thy baſe infidelity cannot digeſt it? Thou might doubt God, Heaven, and every thing elſe on that ſcore; but haſt thou not it from his own mouth, that the Angels

gels are ministring spirits for the heirs of Glory ? Come, tell me, I say, tell me quickly, I must have an answer, Can this, and all this be true, and Heaven yet not be pleased? If God with his Son and Angels be all content that thou shouldst be restored, and so exalted to such dignities as to be heir unto the Crown of Heaven; if these be pleased, who is there in Heaven that can else be displeased ? What saith my heart ? what not yet one word ? Oh how long shall I be troubled and pestered with my unbelief ! Oh my God, strike, chide, and break this flint, reprove this stubborn and unbelieving heart, I cannot perswade it that thou lovest me, or art willing to love me : I urge thy word, and my best reason to prove it, but I cannot make it yield. Oh break, I pray thee, this *Flint* or *Adamant* upon thy *downy breast* of love ; strike, and one blow of thine will make it fall in pieces, and confess at length that thou art well pleased with thy Son, and fully satisfied that he should bleed and die for me. But let me try thee once again, if thou hast lost thine ears and eyes ; I'le see if thou

haſt loſt thy feeling too. Thou ſayſt thou canſt not believe that God is willing to accept the Son for thee, or that thou ſo vile a wretch canſt be accepted of by the Father through the merits of his Death and ſufferings. Come, tell me, is not this thy language? I know thou dareſt not to ſpeak ſo much in words. But ah! my *Heart*, I find thou haſt got a *Tongue*, as well as my *Mouth*, that often mutters and ſpeaks a different language. But tell me if thy unbelief hath any ground for it? What makes it then that thy ſelf is ſo free from fears and terrours, when thou ſhouldeſt believe the Almighty, of thy Bodies Death, Reſurrection, and coming to Judgment, if thou thoughteſt him not thy friend, and reconciled to thee in his Son? if not, methinks thy fears ſhould fright thee, and trembling ſeize on every joynt; and yet thou wilt fooliſh'y mutter againſt thine own feeling.

Soul Speaks] O bleſſed God! I feel thou haſt overcome; I yield, I yield, I have not left a word to ſpeak againſt thy love; thy Son hath offered ſatisfaction, and

and thou hast accepted it ; thou hast laid down, O my Saviour, thy life for mine ; and thy Father and my Father is well pleased with it : Blood is paid, Justice is satisfied, Heavens doors are widened, thine arms opened to receive me ; nothing is wanting but by *heart* ; make it such as thou wilt have it, and then take it to thy self. Come up, my soul, thou hast an heart, and there is a Christ ; the Father thou seest is willing, and the Son is willing, give but thy consent, and he is thine for ever. Fear not thy hardness, blindness, deadness, loathsomness, all these cannot hinder, if thou be but willing. He hath been in the world to ask the worlds consent already, and also thine ; thou canst not doubt of his good-will ; speak but the word, and he hath thine too. What stickest thou at ? surely thou art a sluggish spirit ; what dost thou ail ? Half of this ado would find a heart for a little mire or dirt, or something else that is worse, and is not Christ better ? But ah ! yet I feel a piece of unbelief still working in thy very bowels, as if that Jesus that died at *Jerusalem* were not the Son of

God,

God, and the Redeemer of the World. And is this all? O were I certain thou wouldst ne're doubt more, how freely should I make satisfaction? But Oh! I faint and tire with the trips and stumblings of my unbelief. But mount, my Soul, thou must resolve to tire and put to silence all thy unbelieving bablings, or they will thee; which, if they do, never expect an hours peace or quiet more; thou must resolve to conquer thy unbelief, or to be conquered; thou knowest her tyranny too well to let her go away the victoress. He was not the Christ, thou sayest, but tell me why?

Object. *His Parentage was too low and mean; what the Saviour of the world a Carpenters Son! how can it be!*

Answ. My unbelief, in the first place thou lyest, his Mother was a Virgin, and her Conception knew no Father but the Almighty power of the overshadowing Holy Ghost; he was more truly the Son of God than *Joseph*'s Son. And was his birth, thinkst thou, so mean, whose Parentage was so glorious? Object.

Object. *His birth but mean and beggarly; no sooner born, but cradled in a manger; and could Heaven suffer this?*

Answ. It consists. But yet it was as glorious: for did not a Star proclaim him born? and did not a whole Host of Angels sing and shout it up for joy? and did not wise men, yea and Kings, bring Incense, Myrrh, and Frankinsense, being but as so much tribute, unto the new-born King and heir of all things, as if by instinct they knew they held their Crowns of him? a greater honour than ever any new born Prince hath yet received before him, or ever shall or will do after him.

Methinks, my unbelieving heart, I could dare to tell thee, that room was no stable, it was a Palace; and did not the cost, presents, and glorious presence of Kings speak as much?

Object. *But his days were spent in poverty, meanness and disgrace; and can I, dare I, trust my soul with such a one, and*

and take him to be the Son of God?

Answ. And now *I* wonder at thee! it's true what thou sayest, if thou lookest upon him one way; his life was such as thou tellest me of; but 'tis a strong argument against thy self; for just such a one was the Christ to be, according to the Prophets; the 53 *Chap.* of *Isa.* shews as much. But yet if thou truly understandest what true pomp and glory means, even to an eye of sense as well as to that of faith, *Solomon's* life imbroidered with all his glorious acts, was not comparable to this life of his. Was it not filled with miracles and wonders? was he not proclaimed the Son of God with voices from Heaven? did he not conquer Devils, and therefore the Kingdom of Hell? Was ever Prince on Earth honoured with so great a Conquest? Were not his miraculous Feasts more splendid than those of Princes? the fare was but poor and mean, but the miracles made it rich and glorious. Had I been present, should I not have wondered and gazed more at the Master of this Feast, and have taken more pleasure to have seen him sit down with

these five thousands, than with a Table full of Princes and great men? Alas, it were a trifling sight to this. Methinks my unbelief that pleads so much for sense, sense it self pleads too strongly against thee, for thou canst not argue one Syllable.

Object. *But would the Son of God be hanged and crucified? could Heaven have suffered this? could not the Saviour of the World save himself? how could he then save me?*

Answ. Hadst thou not the blindness of the *Jews*, thou couldst not reason thus like them; but was it not necessary it should be so? Did not the Prophets foretell his death, and such a death? Had he not died, and died as he did, *I* might then have had some ground to doubt him whether he were the Messias or not, for it was needful that the Prophecies should be fulfilled, *Dan.* 9. But yet as wretched and as contemptible a going out of the world as he had, and his manner of dying on the Cross, how vile soever it seemed

to be, yet was there not enough to silence all the doubts that could possibly from thence arise, and much for the confirmation of my faith in the wonderful Eclipse of the Sun, the rending of the veil of the Temple, the opening of the Graves, the raising of the dead, and afterwards his own rising the third day, and ascending up to Heaven in a Cloud? If my faith might have staggered in seeing him on the Cross dying, it could not when it saw him risen, and in the Clouds ascending.

Object. *But were those wonders true and certain?*

Answ. But hast thou any ground to doubt them? are they not written in thy Bible? and art thou not certain that it is the word of God? or hast thou not sufficient reason to believe it to be so? But hast thou not a whole Nation, yea Nations that do believe the same? and before this age, did not our Fathers, and Grandfathers, and great Grandfathers, and so continued a testimony of ages from the time that they were done, to this day, witness to the truth of them, and that

so

so unanimously & resolutely that ten thousands have rather chosen to lose their lives, than the truth of them. Now put all these together, and tell me, canst thou doubt? Away, I see thou dost but trifle; confess the truth, or I am resolved to heed thee no longer. Come, take and embrace that crucified Jesus, account all things else but as loss, and dross, and dung in comparison with him; stick not at his outward meanness, scruple not at his ignominious dying, it is the very Christ the Saviour of the world. Oh why shouldest thou thus torment me? Dost thou not see all thy fellow-Christians to glory in that Cross, and in that Christ that died on it? Do they not bear it as a badge of honour, and shall it be to thee as shame? Do not all the Christian World eat and drink as often as they can the Symbols of this their dying Lord? And do they not all sing, and joy, and triumph in it? and wilt thou the while lye vexing thy self over a company of needless fears and scruples? Farewell all needless doubts and tormenting questions, I see my *faith* is built on a Rock, blow winds, beat waves,

you

you cannot now move me. Bleſſed God! I thank thee, for thy Son, thou haſt given his life for the ſpoiler, thou haſt bowed his back to the enemies, long furrows have they plowed upon it, and the day of his calamity they laughed at. Lord: thou haſt wounded him for my ſins, and bruiſed him for my iniquities. Theſe ſpeak the depth of thy counſels, and the ways of thy mercy paſt finding out, and the tenderneſs of thy bowels. Thou haſt made him my Rock, and my ſhield, and my ſtrong tower, and in the day of my ſorrow through him thou wilt hear me. To thee, O God, will *I* make my vows, and to thee will I pay them; I will humble my ſelf before thee. I will always lye at the feet of my Redeemer. *Lord!* his Groſs and his ſhame ſhall be no more a ſtumbling-block to me, I will take it up and follow him, it ſhall be my Crown, my Song, and the glory of my rejoicing. I will enter into thy Courts with joy, and in the Congregations of thy Saints ſhall be my delight; I will remember thy loving-kindneſſes of old, and the days in which thou didſt afflict thy only Son for

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the sins of my Soul. I will call to mind the Covenant of thy Grace; and my heart shall praise thee, when I see it founded on blood. Then will I betroth my self to thy Son; join thou, Lord, both our hands and hearts, and we will strike up a match for ever. Praise thou the Lord, Oh my soul, and all you that love and fear him, praise his holy name.

The SACRAMENT.

The Dress.

Lord, where am I! What! all the Children of the Bride-chamber up and dress't, and I slumbring in my bed! Tell me ye fairest, what make you up so early? Alas our Lord was up before us all. He called us up by break of day, and wondered that we were not triming our lamps, knowing with whom we were to feast this day. Oh well then I will rise up too. Oh what a shew do these bright and glittering Saints make in mine eyes? What a brightness do these pearls and diamonds cast in mine eyes! they do strike

me

me into amazement. Oh what a lovely humble look doth crown their brow? and what a comly countenance hath joy and Heavenly delight cast on their cheeks? surely they did not thus dress themselves, it was my Father that made them thus prepar'd to entertain his Son. But where are my Clothes? Now for the fairest, sweetest robe of thoughts and wishes that can be found, or that the wardrobe of my Father can afford me. Oh how naked am I! But where are my *silken golden twists of Faith to hang the jewels of joy, and love, and humility upon?* I am never dress't till they be on. Oh where, where are they? I saw them by me but just now. I laid them by my heart before I went to bed. Oh what was I so long a reasoning about? Oh what long and many threds did my reason spin even now, but to make these twines to tye up my joy, and to raise up my love, and to hang my Heavenly delight upon? But ah! I fear this envious world hath with her vanities stollen them away, or hid them from me; or the envious Devil, or unbelief have been ravelling or snarling of them, that

now

now I am as far to seek as ever. Whither, O whither shall I go to find them out? Now, will the Bridegroom come, and I am not ready? I cannot, dare not go to day. Now will my Lord be angry, and ask me why I came not, and I have no answer to make him. And if I go undrest, he will ask me, where is my Weding-garment, and then I shall be speechless. Ah foollish simple heart! that thou shouldst take no more care but to let these thoughts of earth so intangle themselves with thy so pure and heavenly contemplations! Now how to get them loose again, thou knowest not; this thou mightest by heed and care have prevented; but now what help? Lord, *I* have sinned; O holy Father pardon this time, and I will take more heed. Oh come and unty my thoughts from this earth, and come and dress me up as best pleaseth thee. Come, be not discouraged, Oh my Soul! Let but thy attire of Grace be whole, that is, sincere, thy God, and so thy Saviour will accept thee. Though thy garments are not so much *perfumed with Heaven*, as thy brethrens are, but yet

yet if they are but white and free from the ſpots of fleſh and ſpirit, thou wilt be looked on and liked of well enough. Thy Lord doth know that all have not Talents alike; and where he gives but a little, he expects but little. A faith that it *richly embroidered* over with *love* and *delight*, is not given to all; and is not expected from any but from thoſe to whom it is given. Thou haſt an honeſt, willing, ſerious heart, that thinks it doth deſpiſe and trample under feet the neareſt, deareſt pleaſures, profits and glories in the world, in compare with him that gave himſelf to death for thee; and hadſt rather anger fleſh and blood, the darteſt friends, and all the world than him, by ſinning againſt him in the leaſt. If this be true, fear not, thou haſt thy Weding-garment on, thou art well clad; as mean ſo ever as it is, it is ſuch a one as Heaven gave thee, and ſuch a one as thy dear Redeemer can, and will embrace thee in.

The Preſence-Chamber.

Fear not, O my ſoul, I charge thee do not

not faint. Let not thy weakneſs, and the poverty of thy grace, diſcourage thee: ſee how thy Lord draws nigh. Fear not, I ſay, he will not ask thee, *Friend, how cameſt thou hither not having on thy Wedding garment?* He ſees thy heart, and ſees thou haſt it on. Oh he comes! and it is but to whiſper thee a welcome in thine ear; it is but to fall about thy neck and kiſs thy be-tear'd cheeks, and bid thee a kind welcome to thy bleeding Lord.

Soul. Oh did I think to be thus much made of! *I* thought he would not have minded me; but I did no ſooner appear and ſet my feet within the doors, but he ran to meet me; he took mee in his arms, he brought me hither, and ſet me here. *Is* this a houſe, or is it a Palace? *Is* this a Court for Princes, or for Angels? Never did place more raviſh me into amazement than this place! *Beautiful are thy gates, O Zion! O how pleaſant is the habitation of the moſt high!* Is it the place or the company that ſtrikes me into aſtoniſhment! Now I can ſay, moſt feelingly ſay with *David, My delights are with*

the

the Saints of the most high, and the most excellent of the earth. Their poverty, their disgrace, their contempt amongst whom they live, do not puzzle my quick-ey'd Faith; these are the *Kings Daughters that are all glorious within, their garments are of needle work, imbroidered over with pure gold, fine-spun gold.* These! O these! how poor and mean soever they are, or may seem to be, these shall sit with Christ to Judge the World. Oh! how my soul is ravished with delight, to see and look on those with whom I shall live for ever! *If* they are so lovely now, what will they be hereafter, when our God shall take them, and scowr off their rust, and wash their *Garments bright* in the *Sun-shine of his countenance*, and change those mortal and corruptible bodies into immortal and glorious ones; and set them upon Thrones, about himself, and lade their heads with Crowns of massy gold; and when *I* shall hear them warbling out the everlasting Praises of the Lamb, whose Body and Blood we shall sit down to feed on!

Com-

Communion-Plate.

Never was Gold or Silver graced
thus before,
To bring this Body and this Blood
to us, is more
than to Crown Kings,
or be made Rings
For Star-like Diamonds to glitter in.

The Bread.

Welcome Faireſt, *take and eat*; 'tis the ſweeteſt dainties, deareſt morſel Heaven can afford thee. Welcome, my Dear, to the Table of my Lord. Welcome a thouſand times, I bid thee; yea, welcomer than thine own heart can wiſh. Take, eat this morſel, it coſt my life; it's a portion thy Father ſent unto thee by me, and bid me remember thee of his love to thee. He bids thee remember a Fathers love, Ay, a Saviours. He hath a heart to give thee, and ſo have I. Take this in earneſt of them both in one. Take freely; if thou wert not welcome, *I* would have

told thee; I would have asked thee for thy Weding-Garment, knew I not thy heart; or if *I* were uncertain of thy love, *I* would have ſcorn'd thee as unworthy of my preſence; did *I* know thou loveſt any thing above me, *I* would have hid my face, and never have ſpoke thee a welcome ſo feelingly and kindly to thy ſoul. Tell me, O tell me! doſt thou not love me? I know thou doſt; and above Father or Mother, Wife or Child, Lands or Living, or Credit; I know thou doſt. And wilt thou not take the Croſs and follow me? I know thou wilt, I ſee and know the labour of thy love; I remember the pains and travel of thy ſoul; I ſaw thee follow me on thy knees in tears, and begged my life rather than thy life. I know thy heart, *I* ſaw it bleeding before my Throne; I took it in my arms and bound it up, and in that breaſt I remember I put it up again; I ſaw thee when no eye ſaw thee; I heard thee, and had compaſſion on thy groanings, whilſt thou wert complaining that *I* had ſhut out thy prayers; I will remember ſince thy heart did firſt fall ſick with love, ſince the time

time thy flesh began to die, and since thou laidst thy self in the grave down by me, and wert willing to die to all this vain empty glory of the world, because I died & left it. I know thee well enough, *Thou art mine, and I am thine.* Take it, I charge thee; eat it as thou lovest me; and whilst thou feedest, remember the love of thy dearest Redeemer.

Soul. Oh 'tis the sweetest meat that ever tongue did tast; it sends a relish to my very heart; *I* find it digest s as it descends; I feel my nerves and sinews strengthen; I never knew that bread was the *staff of life* till now; Oh how fit is my soul now for Christ? How easie do *I* now find his yoke; how light his burden! Methinks *I* could watch or pray, or read more earnestly, resolvedly, believingly, than ever. *Oh!* methinks *I* can take his Cross & bear it strongly, and take the shame and despise it fully. Oh 'tis a feast of fat things! The richest banquet of love that ever I was at; it was but a little that I took, and it fills me full, my hungry stomach now crys, 'tis enough, I find it now verified to my soul and spirit,

that he that eats of this bread ſhall never hunger more. Well, I need not ſtarve when there is ſuch bread in my Fathers houſe. I need not, *I* will not, *I* cannot feed any longer on huſks with the ſwine of the world. I fed on air and ſmoke before; I never taſted ſubſtantial bread till I taſted of this. This is the ſtaff of my life, and upon this will I ſupport my ſelf to my very grave.

The Wine.

Chriſt. Come my Deareſt, I have drunk, and thou ſhalt pledge me: I have broached my ſide, and drew it on purpoſe for thee. This is a Wine of mine own making, when I trod the Winepreſs of my Fathers wrath. It is my blood; but take and drink it; it was the cauſe of my wounding, but to thy ſoul it ſhall prove healing. *I* died and bled, it was but to make this Banquet for thee. I have brought thee into my Wine-cellar, and my Banner over thee ſhall be love. Fear not, take and drink, thou haſt an *ulcer* in thy heart, and this ſhall cure it; ſpots and ſtains of guilt on thy ſoul, and this ſhall purge them away; thy ſpirits

are

are faint, this shall revive thee, thou art afraid to see thy Fathers face, this shall make thee to draw near the Throne of Grace with boldness. Drink, I charge thee; drink on thy love and loyalty to me. I command thee as thou wilt have thy heart to mend, thy wounds to cure, thy spirits to revive, thy fears to scatter, thy soul to love and obey me, take, O take this cup into thy hand, taste it, and praise my love.

Soul. Lord! I have taken, I have drunk as thou hast bid me, *I* neither could, or dare deny thee. Can I refuse thy blood when *I* have accepted thy self? Or can *I* accept my pardon at thy hands, and refuse the Seal thereof? *I* know *I* am vile, *I* am vile, but thou hast pardoned me. Lord, *I* have abused thy love, a thousand times refused thy offered self, and withstood the tenders of thy Grace; but thou hast covered all my sins, thou hast freely justified me by thy Grace, and made a full atonement for me by thy blood; this is that thou freely biddest me take, and *I* have freely drunk it. Never was Wine so full as this is. Never was Bowl so full

of pleasure as this. *I* have swallowed down my life and pardon at one draught: *I* took it from my Saviours hand, it was a cup of his own preparing. *If* ever drink was sugared, this was! I never tasted better relisht Wine in all my life!

The richest Cordials cannot match this
(draught Divine,
Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead
(this Wine.
Oh when my hopes but kist the purple dews,
(they hung and cleaved so,
As if they were loth to let thee go.
They strove and strugled to get near my
(heart,
As if intending there to take a part.
I dare not say them nay; blood from that
(Bowl
May the best room command within my
(soul.

What a sudden, strange, yet happy alteration do *I* find within! my languid spirits are revived; my winter is over. Methinks *I* feel my life and joy to spring amain. My *Aarons* Rod (a dry stick but now)

now) doth bloom and flouriſh. My newly ingrafted ſoul is full of *Infant*-cluſters.

Blood at the root of Vines
They ſay produce the richeſt Wines.

Oh! if my Lord will undertake to dreſs this Vine, and trickle down his blood into my root, then draw it up into each branch of Grace by the warming beam of his reviving love; then let my Dears eſt come, let him come as he hath promiſed, and bring my Father and his *Father* with him, and ſup both with me and in me. Let them come, and I will bid them a welcome, I ſhall have a fruit to preſent them with, which they themſelves ſhall ſay is pleaſant; *I* ſhall not ſend my Father away now ſo oft complaining, *I came to ſeek for grapes and fruit, but behold wild ones.*

The Conclusion.

Oh! how unwillingly do I riſe! methinks *I* could ſit here and feaſt my heart and eyes for ever. What running-Banquets doth my Lord afford me here! ſurely he ſhould not need to fear that *I* ſhould ſurfeit on himſelf. But alas! *I* muſt be gone, what ſhall *I* do in yonder hungry ſoul-ſtarving world again? *I* have been feeding on my Paſchal Lamb, and now *I* muſt go and eat my ſowre herbs; but if it be his will, *I* muſt obey; if it be ſo, I muſt ariſe: *I* know thou haſt prepared the endleſs feaſt above, where *I* ſhall ever ſit and enjoy thy love, and glut my hungry eye and heart on the Banquet of thy everlaſting ſelf. As yet *I* am now on earth, my toil and work lyes heavy on my hands, *I* have yet an afternoon to labour out, God knows my work is hard, too hard for me my ſelf to perform. *I* ſcarcely ſhould have laſted out ſo long, but that ometimes at ſuch ſeaſons as this is, he repaired my ſinking ſpirits by pouring in the Cordials of his Blood. Now *I* muſt go

and

and perhaps find as sharp conflicts with my self as ever. *I* know the World and Hell have been laying their snares and gins to catch my *new-fledg'd soul*; and all conspire against my welfare. Now it is well if *I* escape a fall, a bruise, a breaking of my bones, in which sad plight *I* have so often lain, that my Lord might have took me for dead, but that my groanings told him loudly *I* lived. Lord! must *I* leave this feast? must *I* go? Take me then by the hand, and lead me; if *I* must walk, let me see thee by me, that *I* may know *I* walk with my God. Lead me away, and *I* will go with thee; and let me not go till thou bringest me hither again; *I* cannot, will not live without thee. And do thou Lord, say, *I* must not, shall not.

If both our hearts in love so well agree,
What then shall separate my Christ from me?

A Meditation on the Death of Christ, Preparative to the Sacrament: Pen'd for his private use.

BUT is he dead? Oh sad! yet joyful news! how strangely is my soul amazed, and diversly mov'd and troubl'd by these contrary passions! methinks *I* could pull up the floodgates of my sorrow, and vent it out in tears; but something bids me hold. Shall I mourn for him that's just now past his state of mourning? He's dead! and what of that? And so are all his griefs, his bloody sweats, his sighs and groans concluded, *He hath drunk on the brook in the way*; bitter while they were in his mouth, and he was living; but sweet now they have sunk into his belly, and he in Heaven. Sweet to him, because it was his work, & he hath finisht it; and sweet to me, because

cauſe it was the portion of ſorrow, death, hell, that *I* muſt have taken. And canſt thou mourn! methinks if thou didſt love, thine heart ſhould rather ſympathize with his: He is ſinging, and ſhalt thou be ſighing? *He* is joying that his work is done, and now is welcomed into Heaven by God his Father, and ſhouting up by Angels voices, as the great Conquerour of the hearts of men on earth, and that now in triumph he is returned. And will a mournful weed, a wet eye, and a cloudy brow, become thee at theſe times of Feſtivals? Shall the Heavenly Angels be joyful, and thou ſad? *How* ſtrangely will this be conſtrued! Will it not be ſaid, thou doſt not love him? or thou doſt envy his recovered glory that he had left, and now again hath taken? Or that thou canſt not endure to ſee him wear his Princes Crown in Heaven, that for a time he had laid aſide to come down to the earth to fetch thee thence to Heaven? But ah! my Lord, thou wilt not ſure interpret ſorrow thus; thou haſt not ſure forgot to give a meaning unto tears, to teach a ſigh to ſpeak, and then to know its language!

Hath

Hath my Lord forgot so suddenly that he was on earth, and that he sweat, and groan'd, and wept, and bled, as well as *I* do now? What though now all tears, and sorrow, and sighing is done away, and he ceaseth to be any longer subject to our infirmities? yet sure he knows it is not thus with us. I am not yet in Heaven, nor am I yet quite past the vale of sorrow; and it cannot then be strange to him, if he sees sometimes our faces look of a sadder hue than those that are in Heaven. But why should thus my tears be check'd, and my throbbing heart be chidden; were it for a thing of nought *I* might be counted fool or child; but shall my Saviour die, and vent his Soul in a stream of blood, and all in love to me? and shall he thus forsake the world, and die and then be laid in the grave, and I be denied the liberty of following him thither as a mourner? Shall it be said of the Prince of Glory, that he died and had the burial of an *Ass*? because there was none to sorrow forth those words of, *Ah my Lord!* What! shall it be granted to a Wife to mourn for the death of a beloved Husband? and to

a Child at the burial of a beloved Father? Shall not such be blamed, but rather pitied? And shall their friends come in and confess the loss and the ground of their sorrow just, and rather sit them down and bear them company in their grief? And must *I* of all be thus censur'd? Away with an Husband, Wife, or Child to me: *Is* he not more to me than ten Husbands? Might I not have had an hundred that would have never done half so much for me as he hath done? That first left his glory for my sake, and then laid down his life, and took the stroke upon himself that I my self deserved, and all because he lov'd me? Was ever friend like this friend! and ever love, like this love! Many waters cannot quench love; but neither waters, blood, death, nor many deaths could quench his love to me. But shall he love, and die in love, and thus be forc'd to leave me, because he lov'd me, and I not mourn the absence of my best Beloved? *How* unreasonable may any this deny me! But ah! what a bitter-worded check did *I* even now receive; as if my sorrow would arise from the envying

vying of his now glorious ſtate, and not from any love *I* bare him! Oh! what needle-pointed words are thoſe! methinks they have pierc'd mine heart in every part and from each prick hath ſtarted forth a drop, that hath ſet it o're with a bloody dew! But how can it once be thought that envy ſhould get a room in an heart that's full of love, with which it ſwells, it bubbles up, and runs all over? it cannot be. Bear witneſs heavens! *I* do not grieve that you contain him, but that *I* on earth have loſt him! Oh my God! I am not ſorry that thy Son hath paſt his ſufferings, and is arriv'd to reſt, and got again into thy boſom, his ancient neſt of love and pleaſure. Oh you bleſſed Orders of *Seraphim* & *Cherubims*, and you *innumerable company of the ſpirits of the juſt men made perfect*! *I* do not envy that you have my Lord with you, that you ſee his face, and live and walk, and joy in the light of his countenance: Alas! we your poor Brethren could not make him ſo welcome here on earth, as you can there: we lov'd him as ſincerely as you, and believ'd in him, and took delight too in him;

but

but yet nothing near so much as you. You know him better than we do; for you know him as you are known, and therefore know better how to prize him. We know him but in part, and the value, price, & love could but be in the like proportion. He is therefore far much better there than here; and how shall I then either envy him or you! And what, my soul! should *I* wish him back again? what if I thought I could prize and love him more, and could promise the like for all his beloved disciples? *I* could not alike engage for the wicked, envious, malicious, unbelieving world; I could not promise he should meet with no other *Herod* to seek his life, or that the hard-hearted *Jews* would give him better entertainment, whom they dare yet curse with the name of Conjurer, though *Moses* and their Prophets bore witness to him, and though they received a seal from Heaven in voices, thunders, signs, and an innumerable company of real Miracles. Oh no! my Lord! though I could wish to see thy face again on earth, yet not in such a state of misery in the midst of a den of

Bears

Bears, and Lions, as not long since thou wast. Ah! thou knowest I took no delight to hear that traiterous news of thine own *Apostle* that had betray'd thee; & that it fill'd mine heart with anguish to hear how shamefully and scornfully thou wast abused. Thou sawest me blush when *I* heard thy face was spit on; my head did ake when thine was crowned with thorns. Anguish and indignation did loose my nerves, and with a palsie shook mine hands, when thine had a Mock-Scepter put into them, a reed, and a scoff, *Hail Jesus King of the Jews.* And did not mine heart break and bleed to hear that thine was pierced! Ah my Lord! and shall I yet find an heart to wish thee here again! No, no, I am glad thou hast escap'd their bloody hands, and now got quite without their reach. I am glad thou hast got to perfect ease and rest; and know'st no pains, nor griefs, nor sorrows. Oh! take a full possession of thy Fathers breast, and sit thee down upon his Throne, *Thou art a King for ever.* And take delight in these thy soul did travel, die and bleed for on earth. *I*

will repine at nothing that ſhall advance thy glory. But Oh! thou cruel bloody unbelieving world! you wicked murtherous bloody *Jews*! though I rejoice my Lord is ſafe arrived home, and quietly landed within his Haven; yet from you I cannot hold mine anger, that made his Sea a Sea of blood, and drain'd his heart, to make it deep, & filld his ſails with ſighs and groans, that caus'd his voyage to be ſo doleful. What good got you to ſtand and laugh to ſee him ſorrowful? to ſcoff and jeer to hear his lamentations? what curſed rage was that to make ſuch haſte to fetch him vinegar and gall to prolong his life, to lengthen out his dolors? How could you find ſuch barbarous hearts to triumph over a bleeding dying lamb, that was ſo innocent? How could you taunt at him when you heard him praying for you, *Father forgive them*! and ſo tenderly excuſing you, for *they know not what they do*! Methinks that kindly harmleſs carriage ſhould have pierced your hearts; thoſe melting words ſhould have diſſolv'd them; and inſtead of piercing him, I ſhould have thought you pierced. And

ah!

ah! but that I know an unbelieving heart my self, and understand what hardneſs means, I ſhould ſtand and wonder! Oh! it's too hard an Adament for downy words, and doleful ſounds, and tender carriages to break and ſhatter! How often have I outſtood all thoſe my ſelf! And when I ſerved my fleſh, how little did I mind them! And when they have been preſented to me in the Goſpel, or in a Sermon told that all theſe tortures he endur'd for me, and I in part believed it too, yet; was *I* not as a man bereft of my ſenſes, and *I* was no more mov'd in mine heart, as if I had not heard or underſtood, and were quite bereav'd of ſenſe and reaſon. But had I thus continued in my ſenſeleſs unbelieving ſtate, and as I liv'd ſo died; yet how deſervedly ſhould I have born the wrath of *God*, and have been ſent to Hell as a recompence of mine unbelief? And yet, you careleſs ſecure *Jews*, can you think to eſcape when God comes to make inquiſition for blood? How will you do if this ſin ſhall find you out? *I* God requires blood for blood, what will become of yours? *If* he had been

been no more than a common man, the Law would then have required your lives for payment. But how if in the end he prove a *Prophet*? nay more than that, the Son of the most high God, the Prince and Saviour whom God had promised to raise, the *Messiah* whom *Moses* and the *Prophets* bare witness to, and him that you so long'd and wisht to see! How will you look! what will you say! what answer will you make when all these truths are cleared? where will you hide your selves for shame? and what will you do when confusion shall thus take hold upon you? What! will you then confess the fact, or will you deny it? with what face can you do the first? And if you do the latter, the curse you and your Fathers drew upon your selves, *Let his blood be upon us and our children*! stand still on record against you, and will cry you guilty. Will you excuse it with your unbelieving ignorance? But how will you be able to rub your brows into so much confidence? How dare you say you were ignorant of him, when you say you know both *Moses* and the *Prophets*, and they bear witness of him?

You

You askt a sign, and did he not give you both signs and wonders? How often did he cure your Lame? How wonderfully did he heal your Lepers, and those sick of the Palsie, yea of all manner of diseases? How did he open the eyes of the blind! & give light to them that was born blind! yea, restore the withered hand, & make the crooked straight, and open the ears of the deaf, and cast out Devils, and raise the dead! *Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.*

A Prayer before the Receiving the Holy Communion.

MOST *Holy God, I am as stubble before thee, the consuming Fire. How shall I stand before thy Holiness, for I am a sinful Creature, laden with Iniquity, that have gone backward, and provoked the Holy One of* Israel; *when I was lost, thy Son did seek and save me; when I was*

dead

dead in sin, thou madest me alive. Thou sawest me polluted in my blood, and saidst unto me live. In that time of love thou coveredst my nakedness, and enteredst into a Covenant with me, and I became thine own. Thou didst deliver me from the power of Darkness, and translate me into the Kingdom of thy dear Son; and gavest me remission of sin, through his blood. But I am a grievous Revolter, I have forgotten the Covenant of the Lord my God, I was engaged to love thee with all my heart, and to hate iniquity, and serve thee diligently, and thankfully to set forth thy praise. But I have departed from thee, and corrupted my self by self-love, and by loving the world, and the things that are in the world, and have fulfilled the desires of the flesh, which I should have crucified. I have neglected my duty to thee, and to my neighbour, and the necessary care of my own Salvation. I have been an unprofitable Servant, and have hid thy Talents, and have dishonoured thee, whom in all things I should have pleased and glorified. I have been negligent in hearing and reading thy holy Word, and in meditating and conferring

ferring of it, in publick and private Prayer and Thanksgiving, and in my preparation to this holy Sacrament, in the examining of my self, and repenting of my sins, and stirring up my heart to a believing and thankful receiving of thy grace, and to love and joyfulness, in my Communion with thee, and with one another of thy People. I have not duly discerned the Lord's Body, but have prophaned thy holy Name and Ordinance, as if the Table of the Lord had been contemptible. And when thou hast spoken peace to me, I returned again to folly; I have deserved, O Lord, to be cast out of thy presence, and to be forsaken, as I have forsaken thee, and to hear to my confusion, Depart from me, I know thee not, thou worker of iniquity. Thou mayest justly tell me, thou hast no pleasure in me, nor wilt receive an Offering at my hand. But with thee there is abundant mercy. And my Advocate Jesus Christ the Righteous, is the Propitiation for my sins; who bare them in his Body on the Cross, and made himself an Offering for them, that he might put them away by the Sacrifice of himself; have mercy upon me,

and

and wash me in his blood; cloath me with his Righteousness; take away my iniquities, and let them not be my ruine; forgive them, and remember them no more: O thou that delightest not in the death of sinners, heal my back-slidings, love me freely, and say unto my soul, that thou art my salvation. Thou wilt in no wise cast out them that come unto thee, receive me graciously to the Feast thou hast prepared for me; cause me to hunger and thirst after Christ, and his Righteousness, that I may be satisfied: Let his flesh and blood be to me meat and drink indeed, and his Spirit be in me a well of living water, springing up to everlasting life. Give me to know thy Love in Christ, which passeth knowledge. Though I have not seen him, let me love him. And though now I see him not, yet believing let me rejoyce with joy unspeakable, and full of glory; though I am unworthy of the crumbs that fall from thy Table, yet feed me with the Bread of Life; and speak and seal up Peace to my sinful wounded soul. Soften my heart that is hardened by the deceitfulness of sin; mortifie the flesh, and

strengthen

ſtrengthen me with might in the inward man; that I may live and glorifie thy Grace, through Jeſus Chriſt our only Saviour. In whoſe words I conclude, ſaying, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer after the Receiving of the Holy Communion.

MOST *Glorious God, how wonderful is thy Power, and Wiſdom, thy Holineſs and Juſtice, thy Love and Mercy in this work of our Redemption, by the Incarnation, Life, Death, Reſurrection, Interceſſion, and Dominion of thy Son! No power or wiſdom in Heaven or Earth, could have delivered me but thine. The Angels deſire to pry into this Myſtery, the Heavenly Hoſt do celebrate it with praiſes, ſaying, Glory be to God in the Higheſt; on Earth peace; good will towards men. The whole Creation ſhall proclaim thy praiſes, bleſſing, honour, glory and power be unto him that ſitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain to receive power, and honour, and glory; for he hath*

hath redeemed us to God by his blood, and made us Kings and Priests unto our God. Where sin abounded, grace hath abounded much more. And hast thou indeed forgiven me so great a debt, by so precious a Ransom? Wilt thou indeed give me to reign with Christ in Glory, and see thy face, and love thee, and be beloved of thee for ever? Yea Lord, thou hast forgiven me, and thou wilt glorifie me, for thou art faithful that hast promised. With the blood of thy Son, with the Sacrament, and with thy Spirit, thou hast sealed up to me these precious promises. And shall I not love thee, that hast thus loved me? Shall I not love thy Servants, and forgive my Neighbours their little debt? After all this shall I again forsake thee, and deal falsly in thy Covenant? God forbid, O! set my affections on the things above, where Christ sitteth at thy right hand. Let me no more mind earthly things, but let my Conversation be in Heaven, from whence I expect my Saviour to come and change me into the likeness of his glory. Teach me to do thy will, O God! and to follow him, who is the Author of Eternal Salvation, to all

them that do obey him. Order my steps by thy Word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me. Let me not henceforth live unto my self, but unto him who died for me and rose again. Let me have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but reprove them. And let my light so shine before men, that they may glorifie thee. In simplicity and godly sincerity, and not in fleshly wisdom, let me have my Conversation in the world. O that my ways were so directed, that I might keep thy Statutes! Though Satan will be desirous again to sift me, and seek as a roaring Lion to devour, strengthen me to stand against his Wiles, and shortly bruise him under my feet. Accept me, O Lord, who resign my self unto thee, as thine own; and with my thanks and praise, present my self a living Sacrifice to be acceptable through Christ. Useful for thine honour. Being made free from sin, and become thy Servant, let me have my fruit unto holiness, and the End Everlasting Life. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. In whose words I farther pray, *Our Father*, &c.

A

A Divine Soliloquy.

O My Soul! thou hast been feasted with the Son of God, at his Table, upon his Flesh and Blood, in preparation for the Feast of Endless Glory; thou hast seen there represented, what sin deserveth, what Christ suffered, what wonderful Love, the God of infinite goodness hath expresst to thee. Thou hast had Communion with the Saints; thou hast renewed thy Covenant of Faith, and thankful Obedience, unto Christ. Thou hast received his renewed Covenant of Pardon, Grace and Glory to thee; O carry hence the lively sense of these great and excellent things upon thy heart. Remember, O my Soul! thou camest not (to that holy Table) only to injoy the mercy of an hour, but that which may spring up to endless Joy. Thou camest not only to do the duty of an hour, but to promise that which thou must perform while thou livest on Earth. Remember daily, especially when Temptations to unbelief, and sinful heaviness assault thee,

what pledges of Love thou haſt received. Remember daily, eſpecially when Fleſh, and Devil, and World, would draw thy heart again from God; and temptations to ſin are laid before thee, what Bonds God and thy own Conſent have laid upon thee. Remember, O my Soul! if thou art a Penitent Believer, thou art now forgiven, and waſhed in the Blood of Chriſt. O! go your way, and ſin no more; no more thro' wilfulneſs, and ſtrive againſt your ſins of weakneſs. Wallow no more in the Mire, and return not to thy Vomit. Let the exceeding Love of Chriſt conſtrain thee, having ſuch Promiſes, as 2 Cor. 6. 17,18. *O cleanſe thy ſelf from all filthineſs of fleſh and ſpirit, perfecting holineſs in the fear of God.* Amen.

Hymns

Hymns suited to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. To be sung in the common Tunes.

A Hymn for the Sacrament.

HYMN I.

I.

A New and well compoſed Song,
With raptures fill'd of Love,
And extaſies of Joy, let's tune
Unto our Lord above.
Awake my drowſie ſleepy Soul,
Awake dull heavy heart,
And all my faculties and powers,
Joyn, in and bear a part.

II.

Let judgment weigh the argument,
Let fancy it adorn,
Let memory bring forth its ſtore,
Thoughts, offer your firſt-born.
God did aſſume the ſhape of Man,
With fleſh his glory vail'd,

Himself he humbled unto death.
He to the Cross was nail'd.

III.

Made sin, us to acquit from sin;
Accursed, us to bless,
Of Righteousness he wrought a Robe
To hide our nakedness.
Darling of Heaven he was and is,
The Father's chief delight:
Angels wonder, the Saints above
Are ravish'd at his sight.

IV.

Array'd he is with Majesty,
Angels do him attend;
All pow'r is his in Heaven and Earth,
All to his Scepter bend.
A glorious Crown is on his head
Most lovely is his face,
Treasures of wisdom are with him,
For us he's stor'd with grace.

V.

His Love doth pass dimensions,
His Love exceeds all thought,
Stronger than death, this Love to us
Salvation hath brought.
Hence all the Clouds away, away,
Darken no more mine eye,

Fain

Fain would I see this lovely one,
Whose dwelling is on high.

VI.

Open thine Eye, here Jesus stands,
He looks, he breathes, he moves:
By Faith thou may'st discern him plain,
In this sweet Feast of Loves.
And art thou here indeed, my Lord!
Draw nearer yet to me,
And nearer, nearer, my dear Lord;
Too near thou canst not be.

VII.

Come my Beloved, let me view
Thy beauteous lovely face;
Thee *I* would fold in arms of love,
Fain *I* would thee embrace.
I feel, I feel a flame within,
Dear Lord, I thee admire;
Thy sparkling beauty which I see,
Hath set me all on fire.

VIII.

Thy kind looks have me overcome,
The glances of thine Eye,
Sweetly my Soul transported have,
I feel an extasie.
Unutterable Joys *I* feel,
How sweet! how sweet! how sweet

Is this taste of thy Love, whilst I
And my Beloved meet!

IX.

Sure this the Gate of Heaven is,
Methinks I'm entring in,
Where I shall always see thy face,
And no more grieve or sin.
Ten thousand praises let us give
Unto our Lord on high;
Let heart, and lip, and life combine
To make the melody.

HYMN II.

I.

O Come let us joyn all like one,
The Lord to magnifie;
Let us together lift his name
In sweet sounds to the Sky.
Sweet Hymns of Love come let us sing,
Let Love us act and move;
Let Love our voices tune to praise
Our God, for God is Love.

II.

God's Love the lofty Heav'ns above,
In height doth far transcend:
Its depth, the Sea; its breadth and length
Is without bound or end.

God's

God's Love to us is wonderful:
To us who Rebels were,
God gave his only Son to die,
That Rebels he might spare.

III.

From guilt and reigning power of sin,
And Satan's slavery;
From fire of Hell us to redeem,
God gave his Son to die.
Christ suffer'd in our stead, he was
More harmless than the Dove:
That God should lay our sins on him;
This, this indeed is Love.

IV.

O come let us give God our Loves,
Let every heart take fire;
Let flames come forth and joyn in one,
And unto Heav'n aspire.
Sweet Spirit come, like Southern Gales,
Within us breathe and move;
Blow up our spark into a flame,
That we may burn with love.

V.

That we with all our hearts may love,
Our hearts Lord circumcise:
Of Love perfum'd with sweet Incense,
Accept the Sacrifice.

VI.

Draw near, O God, unvail thy self,
Our cloudineſs remove;
O ſhine! and ſmile on us, that we
may ſee thy face and love.

VII.

Dear Jeſus, come and viſit us,
A ſtranger do not prove;
Heal wounds of ſin, ſpeak peace that we
Thy voice may hear and love.

VIII.

Our ſelves we offer with our hearts,
Our whole ſelves we reſign
To thee who art the God of Love,
We are and will be thine.

HYMN III.

I.

GOD hath us brought into his Courts,
And Chambers of his Love,
That he might feed and feaſt us here,
With dainties from above.
Heav'n opened is before our Eye,
The Vail is rent, that we
May upward look, and his dear Son
Crowned with Glory ſee.

This

II.

This Jesus crowned was with Thorns,
Scourged with cruel hands,
His flesh was torn, when to the Cross
He tyed was with Bands.
Tears trickled from his mournful eyes,
Sweat dropped from his face,
Blood flowed from his hands and feet,
And side, in streams apace.

III.

His groans were strong, his crys were loud,
Pressures of wrath did lye
Upon his Soul, with sense of which
In anguish he did dye.
He harmless was, and innocent;
No guilt upon him lay,
But as our Surety he our debts
Did by his sufferings pay.

IV.

Thus did he Justice satisfie,
By dying in our room,
That we might justified be
By Faith, that to him come.
The Bread we eat at this great Feast,
Christ's flesh is, and his blood
Is represented by the Wine;
This, this indeed is food,

Here

V.

Here is the heavenly Manna, which
Our God to us doth give:
Who eateth other bread ſhall die;
In eating this we live.
A hidden life of Grace we have,
Breathing deſires and love;
Chriſt is our Life, the Author, Spring,
By whom our Graces move.

VI.

Come let us look unto our Lord;
This Glaſs will ſhow his face,
Not veiled over with dark Types,
As heretofore it was.
God-man, that name is wonderful;
So is his beauty; ſo
His love is full of wonders, both
Beyond our reach to go.

VII.

Yet where we cannot comprehend,
Looking, let us admire,
Admiring love, loving rejoyce,
And to enjoy aſpire.
Our Lord is preſent at this Feaſt;
He looks, let's meet his Eye
With ours; ſweet glances, looks of love:
It may be we ſhall ſpy.

Come

VIII.

Come Lord draw near, we long, we long
  Thy face to see, thy love
To taste, thy voice to hear, within
  To feel thy Spirit move.
Thou art all fair, thou hast no spot,
  Thy beauty is divine:
Thou art all love, embrace us Lord
  In those sweet Arms of thine.

IX.

We look, we wait, we hope, we trust,
  We long, we love, we burn.
Ravish thou dost our hearts, whilst thou
  To us thine Eye dost turn.
With all the powers of our Souls
  Dear Jesus we thee praise,
In songs of joy and thankfulness,
  Our voices we do raise.

X.

Hosanna's we, *Hosanna*'s we
  Do sing with one accord
In *Hallelujah*'s of triumph
  We joyn to praise the Lord.
Ye Angels and triumphant Saints,
  Praise ye our Lord above,
Whilst we his Servants here below
  Do sing his praise with love.

HYMN IV.

I.

THousands of thousands stand around
Thy Throne, O God, most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise, but who am I?
Thine arm of might, most mighty King
Both Rocks and hearts doth break;
My God, thou canst do every thing
But what would show thee weak.

II.

Most pure and holy are thine Eyes,
Most holy is thy Name;
Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,
Thy holiness proclaim.
Mercy is God's Memorial,
And in all Ages prais'd;
My God, thine only Son did fall,
That Mercy might be rais'd.

III.

Thy bright back-parts, O God of Grace,
I humbly here adore;
Shew me thy glory and thy face,
That I may praise thee more.
Mysterious depths of endless love
Our admirations raise.

My

My God, thy Name exalted is
Far above all our praise:

HYMN V.

I.

TO whom, Lord, should I sing, but thee,
The maker of my Tongue?
Lo, other Lords would seize on me,
But I to thee belong.
As thou Lord, an immortal Soul
Hast breathed into me,
So let my Soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to thee.

II.

Sing and triumph in boundless grace,
Which thus hath set thee free;
Extol with shouts my saved Soul
Thy Saviour's love to thee.
Sweet Christ, thou hast refresht our Souls
With thine abundant grace,
For which we magnifie thy Name,
Longing to see thy face.

III.

Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's Eternal Love,
This is my heavenly Feast.

This

This makes me *Abba* Father cry,
With confidence of Soul!
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that, without controul.

IV.

Thou art all power, thou art all love,
And so thou art to me;
Blest be my God now and henceforth,
And to Eternity.

HYMN VI.

I.

LORD give me a believing heart,
Advance it more and more;
Rebuke those doubts and scruples that
Are crowding at my door.
Lord let thy Word and Spirit guide
Thy Servant in thy way;
May I walk closely with my God,
And run no more astray.

III.

All they that sit down with thee must
Be decked with thy Grace;
Thou smil'st on such Communicants,
And they behold thy face.
Come holy Spirit, come and take
My filthy Garments hence,

The guilt, the ſtain, the love of ſin,
Will give my Lord offence.

III.

Let nothing that is not divine,
Within thy preſence move,
What e're would cauſe thee not to ſhine
In tokens of thy Love.
Awake Repentance, Faith and Love,
Awake O every Grace!
Come, come, attend this glorious King,
And bow before his face.

IV.

Let not my Jeſus now be ſtrange,
And hide himſelf from me;
O cauſe thy face to ſhine upon
The Soul that longs for thee.

HYMN VII.

I.

WE to our heavenly Father give
The tribute praiſe we owe,
Wh oby his purifying Grace
Prepares us here below.
Lo here's the moſt amazing proof
Of great and matchleſs Love!
Not that our Early love to God
Did his prevent and move.

His

II.

His motives all to pity us
From his own bowels flow;
Thence came the richeſt gift of Heav'n
To Guilty Men below.
That to his glorious grace all praiſe
Might be intirely paid:
Who, that he might forgive our ſins,
Chriſt's Blood our Ranſom made;

III.

Let then this glorious gift of God
Yet more our Souls refine,
That his pure Image may in us
With greater glory ſhine.
Draw us, dear Lord, and towards thee
We with ſwift wings will move,
Thou Object of our higheſt hopes,
And of our deareſt Love.

IV.

Thankſgiving is an heav'nly work,
It's all in Heav'n they do,
To thank and praiſe the Lord moſt high
On Earth is ſweet work too.
O! bleſſed are the Saints above,
How active is your ſtate!
You ever bleſs the Lord our God,
Not at our broken rate.

VI.

But, O! how weak are crawling Worms?
How ſhort our Sabbath-days?
We die more hours by far in ſleep,
Than we do live in praiſe.
O glorious God! accept our wills,
And weakneſſes forgive;
We wiſh our Souls were like the Saints,
Unlike them as we live.

V.

But, O my God! reach down thy hand,
And take us up to thee,
That we about thy Throne may ſtand,
And all thy Glory ſee.
All glory to the ſacred Three,
One Everlaſting Lord,
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, obey'd, ador'd.

HYMN VIII.

I.

COme let's adore the King of Love,
The King of ſuff'rings too,
For love it was that brought him down,
And ſet him here below.
Love drew him from his Paradice,
Where Flowers that fade not grow,

And

And planted him in our poor duſt,
Among us, Weeds below.

II.

O narrow thoughts, and narrow ſpeech!
Here your defects confeſs.
The life of God, the death of Chriſt,
How faintly you expreſs.
O thou! who from a Virgin root
Made'ſt this fair Flower to ſpring,
Help us to raiſe both heart and voice,
And with more ſpirit ſing,

III.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One undivided Three,
All higheſt praiſe, all humbleſt thanks
Now and for ever be.

HYMN IX.

To the Tune of the 100 Pſalm.

I.

TUne now your ſelves my heart ſtrings (high,
Let us aloft our voices raiſe,
That our loud ſong may reach the Sky,
And there preſent to thee our praiſe.

To

To thee, bleſt Jeſus, who came'ſt down
From thoſe bright Spheres of Joy above,
To purchaſe us a dear bought Crown,
And woe our Souls t'eſpouſe thy Love.

Long had the World in darkneſs ſat,
Till thou with thy all-glorious light
Began to dawn from Heav'ns fair Gate,
And with thy beam diſpell'd their night.

We too, alas! ſtill here had ſtood
As common ſlaves in this ſame ſhade,
But Jeſus came, and with his Blood
Our general Ranſom freely paid.

And now, my Lord, my God, my All,
What ſhall I moſt in thee admire,
That pow'r which made the world, & ſhall
The world again diſſolve with Fire!

Oh no! thy ſtrange humility,
Thy wounds, thy pains, thy Croſs, thy death
Theſe ſhall alone my wonder be,
My health, my joy, my ſtaff, my breath.

To thee, great God, to thee alone,
Three Perſons in One Deity,
As former Ages ſtill have done,
All Glory now and ever be.

HYMN X.

I.

THE Mighty Jesus, fill'd with love
Did these dark Regions leave:
The heav'nly Hosts all wandring stood
King Jesus to receive.
The great Jehovah sets a Throne,
Installs our glorious King;
Both Heav'n and Earth must him adore,
And loud *Hosannah*'s sing.

II.

There sits the King of Peace and Love,
A Saviour is his name,
Mercy his Nature and delight,
And ever so the same.
Come all that fear, come all that want,
And speedy succour find;
He n're denies a praying Soul,
He is soo good and kind.

III.

Behold and wonder at his Love,
We are his daily care,
His ear, his heart, is always fixt
To hear and answer prayer.
Be not afraid to bring your Suit,
Come with a chearful heart.
Weak crys, mixt prayers cannot bar
A grant to his own part.

IV.

Satan, it's true, presents his Plea,
And Justice brings its claim;
But all are silent when he pleads,
His Blood, his Love, his Name!
Let holy Souls then daily go
To Jesus on his Throne,
And love that all-prevailing Friend
Who says we are his own.

HYMN XI.

As the 67th Psalm.

I.

O This ungrateful World!
To kill so kind a Friend,
That made the Lord of Glory die,
What might this act portend?
But wonder, holy Souls,
God's thoughts all thoughts transcend:
Christ murder'd by a Rebel World,
And yet he is our Friend.

II.

It's true, Christ left the Earth,
But is enthron'd above,
Not to revenge this cruel act,
But lives and reigns in love,

Sweet

II.

Sweet is his work on high,
Peace is the charming voice;
Let but a Soul embrace his Call,
The heav'nly Hoſt rejoyce.
Behold he ſtands and calls,
Come Sinners, come to me,
My Love, my Kingdom ſhall be yours
To all Eternity.

III.

Believe my faithful Word,
All my deſigns are Grace,
Take now the Earneſt of my Love
Before you ſee my face.
Never be ſtrange to me,
I wait to hear your cry,
Let me but know your preſſing wants,
And you ſhall have ſupply.

IV.

Never diſtruſt my Love,
I Am, this is my Name;
Sin makes me hide my face a while,
When yet my Love's the ſame.
Never regard your Foes,
They are no match for me;
Plead ſtill my Conqueſts with your Go
And you ſhall Victors be.

HYMN XII.

I.

Fill'd with the sense of sin and wrath,
And black despair drew nigh,
To Christ I fled for succ'ring Grace,
He heard my mournful cry:
Under his pleasant shade I sate,
Sweet notes of Love I heard;
My welcome was above my thought,
How was I lov'd and chear'd!

II.

He came to me, but not alone,
Divine fruits were my fair;
I waited what he first would say,
Your sins now pardon'd are:
Peace with Jehovah is my gift,
No frowns appear above;
Go boldly to my Father's Throne,
Love waits your Soul to love.

III.

The Book of Life, your Name is there,
And ever there shall be,
Love wrote it there, Love keeps it there
To all Eternity.
Ask what you will, I have God's Ear,
He never me deny'd:

Come with your fears, come with your wants,
And you shall be supply'd.

IV.

I give my Angels for your Guard,
You are their daily care,
Let Satan tempt and shoot his Darts,
They can prevent the snare:
O Lord! what can I now reply,
What, love at such a rate!
But this I'll pray, O let my Love
Bear an Eternal Date.

Another.

I.

The time is past when humane Race
Became God's Enemy:
The World ne're saw so black a Night,
When *Adam* eat the Tree,
Vast gulf of Woes became his due,
Which had no bounds nor end;
What e're he did, what e're he thought,
Still guilt did him attend.

II.

God saw this sad tremendous Fall,
His Truth said, might thy Word
Justice requir'd, the Sinner's Blood
No pity him afford;

But Love, that charming Attribute
Prepar'd a kind Reply,
The Pleas of Justice I'll adjust,
My only Son shall die.

III.

Blest was the day when *Adam* heard
That chearing word of Grace,
I'll send the Lord of Glory here,
And hide my angry face.
Hear what he says, he knows my heart,
My Mercy shall rejoice,
Peace he'll proclaim, the War will cease,
If you obey his voice.

IV.

Go trembling Sinner, go to him,
Fear not your former guilt,
His Death has answer'd my demands,
And I will you acquit.
Come take the Pledge, believe my Son,
I am your own, your All,
I have a Father's hand and heart,
To hear you when you call.

V.

My Christ did lovingly invite
Me to his charming Feast;
He added to his wond'rous Love,
Made me a willing Guest.

I came and found a Banquet rare,
He brought me Angels food,
He bid me take and eat my fill,
For my Eternal good.

VI.

He spoke such chearing words of Grace,
What do you want, my Friend?
What, can you doubt my kind design?
Consider and attend.
Sin cannot now defeat my Love,
Since pardons I will give.
Sin seems an unresisted Foe,
It shall not always live.

VII.

You feel a dreadful War within,
Lusts claim a rightless Throne,
But this united force I'll break,
Since now you are my own.
Satan with all his Darts and Snares
Shall prove a fruitless Foe;
You are design'd for Heaven's Bliss,
He to Eternal Woe.

VIII.

Never distrust my wond'rous Love,
The best is yet behind,
No Tongue nor Thought can represent
How good I'll be, and kind;

Refresh

Refresh your Souls with what I give,
  Wait till you come on high:
I long till all my Members see
  What's in Eternity.

Another.

I.

What made the Lord of Glory die?
  Shall God the answer make?
Our guilty Souls may trembling stand
  To hear *Jehovah* speak:
But God has spoke, he sent his Son,
  But stay dejected heart,
Not to condemn a Rebel World,
  But to regain his part.

II.

The Death of Christ no vengeance cries,
  It is a sign of Peace;
It pardons sins, and pays our debts,
  And gives our Souls release;
Let Law & Conscience bring their charge,
  Let Justice plead our guilt:
The Death of Christ can silence all,
  And God will us acquit.

III.

Oh Soul! shall banisht fears return,
  When you can pardon plead.

Hold fast this charming Pledge of Love,
For you it is decreed;
Let Angels sing their highest Note,
Let Earth triumph below,
Let the Redeemed of the Lord
Their Saviour's Glory show.

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Day's Sacramental Catechism.

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FINIS.